EMMA;

OR,

THE UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, at his Circulating Library,
in New-Street, Hanover-Square.

M.DCC.LXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Lately publiſhed, in Two Volumes,

THE MARRIED VICTIM;

OR,

The HISTORY of LADY VILLARS.

A Narrative founded on Facts.

—If a Cherub, in the ſhape of a Woman,
Should walk this world; yet Defamation wou'd,
Like a vile cur, bark at the Angel's train.

HOME.

☞ "The Hiſtory of Lady Villars is, in our "opinion, written in a pretty, eaſy, unaffected "ſtyle: There are many paſſages ſufficiently "forcible to touch the heart of Senſibility: The "diſtreſſes of Lady Villars, occaſioned by her "being compelled to be the wife of a man who "was the object of her abhorrence, are related "with a feeling pen: In ſhort, the Author, or "Authoreſs, ſeems to write from the heart to the "heart."

CRITICAL REVIEW.

EMMA.

Miſs THORNTON to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIX.

The Grove.

WHEN we act properly, my deareſt Emma, we do not require the applauſe of others to make us happy; a more certain voice than that of ſhouting multitudes ſpeaks to us: we feel the ſatisfaction of having performed our duty, and that compenſates for all the pain we have endured in

bringing ourſelves to do it.—You will agree to this, and I make no doubt are ready to confeſs to me, that your preſent felicity exceeds in greatneſs all your paſt woes.—Who would deſire to purchaſe by a crime the gratification of any paſſion, when there is ſuch happineſs in ſubduing it?

The death of Mr. Egerton has been a dreadful trial to you; but Heaven, in ſending us calamities, is always ſo bountiful as to ſend conſolations with them. Your father's long illneſs muſt, in ſome degree, have reconciled you to his releaſe; whilſt his virtue would make you rejoice in his future proſpects. . . . .

I would not, in the firſt hours of affliction, offer to conſole you; that friend has very little ſenſibility, who pretends to oppoſe the dictates of nature in ſuch a caſe.—It is rather by ſhowing that we can be as violently affected, that we ſhould endeavour to render the unfortunate ſenſible of the unſeemlineſs of immoderate grief; we are more ſtruck with the actions of others, than with our own: the tears of a friend divert our attention from the object which had before engroſſed it; and the diviſion once effected, ſorrow is ſoon weakened: we find our tenderneſs redoubled for the being who has wept with us, and forgetting the

dead, we are entirely taken up with him who yet remains to lighten our care by his ſympathy. Let the firſt tranſports of any wretchedneſs once abate, and reſignation each minute gains new ſtrength. You, Emma, have cauſes for it, which few have known———you can reflect on having, by your obedience, added joys to your father's laſt hours, and robbed Death of his horrors,—you have repaid your obligations to the kindeſt of parents—and your pious care ſoftened the laſt ſtruggles of expiring nature.—Will you, after this, permit a ſigh to eſcape you?

You owe to Mr. Walpole, as to an affectionate partner, the ſacrifice

crifice of this unavailing ſorrow: you are entruſted with his peace, as well as your own; and he may demand an account of it at your hands. Be careful of it then, my dear——

It is incumben on you to remove his *prejudices* by a conduct which ſhall ſhow him, beyond a poſſibility of doubt, that he is dearer to you than any thing elſe in this world. Every thing which makes you careleſs about him, call it Grief, or dignify it by what name you will, is an offence againſt the duty you owe him; and he may with reaſon ſuſpect your love. Whether the memory of your father, or of any one beſides, inter-

feres with his right, he will be injured. Many people ridiculouſly confine the practice of virtue to ſome particular act. Thus, for example, the woman, who would not for the univerſe be unfaithful to her huſband's bed, fancies herſelf perfectly chaſte, though ſhe tries to attract the admiration of every pretty fellow who comes in her way, liſtens to the flattery he beſtows on her; goes home, compares his behaviour with her lord and maſter's, whoſe notice ſhe has not been ambitious of attracting for ſome time probably: ſhe ſighs at the difference, then grows out of humour, repents of the choice ſhe has made, calls herſelf unhappy; but ſtill

plumes

plumes herſelf upon her *unſullied virtue*. Say, my friend, has ſhe much cauſe for this ſelf-approbation; and is chaſtity confined to barely refraining from abſolute adultery! Is not the wife obliged to be equally pure in thought as well as action; and can ſhe be called ſo who permits every other to uſurp her huſband's place in her wandering imagination? You will not heſitate about this: remember then, Emma, that he who has ſo extenſive a claim in one point, has the ſame in all others. The chearleſs melancholy companion cannot expect to meet with the treatment which a more pleaſing one would do. Men naturally inconſtant are ſoon wearied with the dull office of

hearing complaints, and of vainly trying to remove them.——Depend upon it, that, if you do not make home agreeable to him, Mr. Walpole will never hold himſelf obliged to be there.——I would not alarm you, but give you warning of a danger which you may yet ſhun. I never apologiſe for ſpeaking thus to you; friendſhip is my inſpirer, and you are too well convinced of the ſincerity of mine, to ſuſpect I am leſs than ever

Your affectionate

F. THORNTON.

Mrs.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Miſs THORNTON.

LETTER XXX.

Spring-Park.

IF I have, my Fanny, derogated from that high character which you might have expected in *your friend*, attribute my failure to the frailty of a woman, who, though willing to be great, cannot all at once arrive at it; but truſt to my *willingneſs*, and your rudiments, for my proving in time equal to your expectations: convinced by what you have taught me, Mr. Walpole ſhall ſee no more of my tears, nor ſhall you hear another murmur

from me. I ſhould indeed bleſs the Fates which gave me ſuch an huſband: he is all my father propheſied that I ſhould find him, indulgent to my follies, and partial to the ſmalleſt appearances of merit. He does not wait for me to expreſs a wiſh; but, watchful of every look, he prevents my requeſt; and before I have got words to ſpeak my wants, they are ſupplied.

We have been left wholly to ourſelves ſince we came here: this affords us an opportunity of ſtudying each other's diſpoſitions. I am not very *clair-voyante*, but I hope to be enough ſo to find out how to pleaſe him: wiſhing to do it

will

will not always ſucceed, unleſs one underſtands how to ſet about it.

Spring-Park is a fine place; elegance breathes around it.—Mr. Walpole's mother, who was daughter to Lord Rivers, and aunt to Lady Catharine Biſhop, was a woman of taſte; and not being quite happy, from having married an humouriſt, ſhe uſed to find her chief amuſement in ornamenting her houſe and grounds with every embelliſhment which art could invent, and money purchaſe. This, and the forming of her children, who were a ſon and two daughters, made time hang leſs heavy on her than could have been ſuppoſed; as ſhe was

not

not allowed to go much abroad, or to entertain a great deal of company at home. The loſs of her girls, who died within a year of each other, and the abſence of her ſon, who had been ſent to ſchool, ſhortened the life of this valuable woman. Mr. Walpole commemorates her with the trueſt affection, and gives her ſo great a preference to his father, that there is no danger of his ever treading in his ſteps, for all what the giddy Kitty ſaid: his mother's early precepts have made a laſting impreſſion on him.

On my arrival here, he carried me to the apartment which ſhe uſed to occupy; and giving me a bunch of keys, begged me to accept

accept of all I found in the cabinets which thoſe would open. I have not ſo much curioſity as is in general aſcribed to our ſex; but, after keeping the keys a week without trying any of them, I began to fear that it would ſeem like a diſregard to the preſent, if I did not look at it. I then opened the cabinets, and was dazzled by the luſtre, and ſurpriſed at the quantity, of jewels and trinkets which they contained: diamonds, rubies, ſapphires, and pearls, were ſo thickly laid in every drawer, that I could have fancied ſome benevolent *Fairy* had paid me a viſit. Extravagantly gaudy as female dreſs is at preſent, I have more finery than

than it would be poſſible for me to wear at once.

Some days after, this liberal donor brought me bank-notes to the amount of an hundred pounds; telling me, he ſhould pay me that ſum quarterly, that my ward-robe might be proportioned to my caſkets. Of what conſequence do the moſt inſignificant gifts appear, when preſented by the hand of an amiable giver! The glare of jewels, the tinſel of cloaths, never until now had attractions for me; but, beſtowed by my huſband, they are precious to me. What a bad heart ſhould I have, if it remained inſenſible to ſuch kindneſs! My dear Fanny, your Emma feels all that

gratitude

gratitude and eſteem require: and are not thoſe the very *beſt* ſentiments of the heart? . . . . .

I found ſeveral of the domeſtics here, who had lived with the late owners. The houſe-keeper, an elderly ſedate perſon, for whom Lady Bel. had an uncommon regard, was recommended to my notice by Mr. Walpole as ſuch: ſhe has lived above twenty years at the park, and ſeems very proper for the place which ſhe fills.

The ſteward too has been long in the family, and received a very high encomium from his maſter on being introduced to me. But of all the *ancients*, none pleaſed me more than a venerable, grey-headed

headed gardener, who remembers three generations ſince he came to live here; but told me he hoped he ſhould not ſurvive the fourth, as *we* looked better diſpoſed to be happy than moſt of thoſe he had known. There is a ſimplicity and heartineſs in him, that charms me prodigiouſly; and to preſerve the partiality which his firſt addreſs created in me, he conſtantly culls the choiceſt productions of his hot-houſe and green-houſe, to adorn my room at this time, when the garden does not yield one fragrant ſprig.

My own Wilſon ſtill ſerves me in her former capacity.—And thus you have a full account of my houſhold,

houſhold, which is ſettled much to the ſatisfaction of

Your very affectionate

EMMA WALPOLE.

Miſs BISHOP to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXI.

Bruton Street.

PRAY tell me, my dear Mrs. Walpole, how you contrive to paſs your time, at this dreary ſeaſon, ſecluded from all that's gay? I can form no gueſs at your amuſements. You and Walpole may ſupport converſation as well as any two in the univerſe: but the moſt ingenious will ſometimes be at a loſs

loſs for new ſubjects, when there is no change of ſcene. I can fancy you making the juſteſt remarks, and diſcuſſing the moſt knotty points with great fluency; in fine, never at a ſtand for words, when objects preſent themſelves——but there's the rub! thoſe objects are ſo few, and never diverſified: ſo that, unleſs you repeat the ſame thing over and over, you cannot talk! Even in this conſtant ſucceſſion of new faces, new anecdotes, and new entertainments, I now and then complain of a want of variety: what then ſhould I do if confined to one houſe, one companion?—I ſhould place myſelf in the chimney-corner, count the dull

hours

hours as they ſlowly rolled, imagine I ſaw the figures of men and beaſts in the fire, then nod over the drowſy thoughts which ſuch an exiſtence would inſpire. . . . .

Your friends hear with aſtoniſhment of your remaining the whole winter in the country; nobody can account for ſo ſtrange a whim! The ladies peſter me with enquiries about Walpole: "When "may we expect to ſee him? What "is the reaſon of his not being "already in town?" I tell them that he follows your inclination in this, as he is *in duty* bound to do in every thing: and I thought, as they knew he was married, this would have ſatisfied them; but I find

find it does not: in this *polite age*, wedlock does not lay any reſtraint on the parties engaged in it. Let your huſband then come and ſpeak for himſelf. I can inform him that, though he has committed ſuch a *faux-pas* in gallantry, as that of making a love-match, his good-natured admirers will not diſcard him, unleſs he ſhould be hardy enough to juſtify his fault, by perſevering in it to the neglect of all his *quondam* favorites.—Let him look to that: ſuch a *ſottiſe* might be productive of the worſt conſequences, as it would indubitably hinder *you* from ſhining in the *beau monde* as you ought to do. Half a ſcore of the beſt-bred flirts in

town

town wait your coming, to inliſt you in the roll of Fame. You married dames are the only ones who can pretend to be diſtinguiſhed by men of *ton:* they never intrigue with any other, under forfeiture of the character it coſts them ſo much to accompliſh. The man of *higheſt* faſhion chuſes the wife of *his friend:* but, ſhould he be ſo deſtitute as not to find one creature who can be called ſo, he then attaches himſelf to ſome woman noted for her prudence, or one whoſe help-mate will be moſt apt to feel the loſs of her affection; and when he has tarniſhed her reputation, the affair makes an *eclat:* allegations are brought againſt her in Doctor's

Commons;

Commons; witneſſes appear, counſellors plead; and, if recrimination does not ſtop it, a divorce enſues; when the lady's family bribes the gallant to make her an *honeſt woman* again, as the vulgar *judiciouſly* term it, by taking her, covered as ſhe is with ignominy and vice, to be his wife, and thereby allowing a plurality of huſbands, in ſpite of our Legiſlators original deſigns.

We girls, who have not been admitted into the *honorable order*, are looked upon as mere blanks in ſociety, and are left to the *inſipids*, who chuſe to perpetuate their names in a lawful way, and to increaſe the pleaſures of the elegant part of

mankind

mankind by enlarging the number of wives.

If after knowing this you are not deſirous of appearing on the grand theatre of life, I give you up as a woman of no taſte, and muſt diſown all intimacy with you—you muſt be contented with being my mother's friend; for I cannot entirely abandon all pretenſions to being a *modern*: you, who are *provided* for, may follow the Antediluvian ſyſtem; but the bare ſuſpicion of ſuch a crime would ruin my fortune in the world.

Thus in a conciſe manner I have diſcloſed to you both, the chief myſteries of genteel life: if you ſlight them, the fault lies at your door,

door, and your puniſhment will be, to be totally forgotten by the *gay*, though the *good* may idoliſe you.

Is there not great virtue in thus devoting ſo much time to *country couſins*, when every minute may be ſo charmingly employed? Gratitude though, I recollect, is amongſt the old-faſhioned qualities; and as you will be ſenſible of the favor, I will not dwell upon it, retaining *ſtill* a few nurſery-notions; among others, that of not exacting from thoſe who are ſo willing to give all due praiſe to

CATHARINE BISHOP.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Miſs BISHOP.

LETTER XXXIII.

Spring-Park.

SAY what you will, my dear Miſs Biſhop, I ſhall not believe you incapable of enjoying the ſame content I do, in my ſituation: it does mighty well to deſcribe the pleaſures of a town life; but tell me, whether, amidſt the moſt enlivening of them, your heart is ſo ſatisfied, as not to wander ſometimes from the place of entertainment, in ſearch of ſome new joy not to be found there? You own, that you complain of a want of variety

now and then: the happy never *complain*, Kitty. I wiſh for no change, for the preſent gives me all I deſire. I am willing to be ſtupid, if by ſtupidity I obtain happineſs: the means are harmleſs; the end, what every one purſues, though not always with ſuch ſucceſs.

The friendſhip of Lady Catharine would be all I ſhould covet, did I think you the creature you would paſs for; but I am acquainted with you, and therefore claim your eſteem alſo. You are too wiſe, my dear girl, to be amuſed by folly; and too virtuous not to abhor vice, however exalted by rank, or diſguiſed by mode. Pleaſure enchants you for a while, but it never makes

you

you leſs amiable: your vivacity diffuſes an innocent joy, which does not deprave your heart. I have ſeen you entering a public place in the higheſt ſpirits, yet ſtop, and ſhow evident ſigns of ſenſibility for the beggar who has craved your charity, and imparted his piteous ſtory to you; and had it not been in your power to have relieved him, you would have felt no raptures from the amuſement you were going to. Do not then, my good Couſin, imagine you can impoſe upon me by your inſtructions: you would deſpiſe the admiration of the *gay*, if you were not ſure of having the approbation of the *good* with it.

How unmercifully do you deal

your ſatire on the looſe wives of our age, and on the contemptible wretches who make them ſuch! They merit all your ſeverity, and much more; for to diſcountenance vice is the firſt ſtep towards a reformation: but let us not confound the innocent with the guilty, and brand the whole ſtate of matrimony with infamy, becauſe ſome have defiled it by their licentiouſneſs. The great world contains many couples who do honor to it; and wives are ſtill to be ſeen, who would have ſhone in the pureſt times. The Firſt Female in the kingdom is a bright pattern of every domeſtic excellence, and her example is followed by numbers

of

of the faireſt and nobleſt: among theſe we count a Portland, a Mancheſter, a Buccleugh, a Thanet, an Abingdon, more than one Spencer, a Delaware, a Torrington, a Wenman, and innumerable others, whoſe beauty adds the higheſt luſtre to their prudence, and who might ſave this age from the cenſures caſt upon it by thoſe moroſe moraliſts, who are for ever exclaiming againſt it.——Generous minds are led to excell by emulation; and I ſhould think it more to the purpoſe, to ſet before a pupil of mine a finiſhed character in real life, for her to copy, than to perſuade her no ſuch exiſted. Vice will be more abominated if it is

not ſuppoſed to be ſo common: therefore thoſe ſatiriſts, who are ſo fond of expoſing it to the light, ſeldom gain any benefit by it, except that of gratifying their own ſpleen. . . . . But I fatigue you, my lively friend, by precepts which you have no need of, ſince you may be claſſed amongſt the virtuous and the charming, whenever a youth as deſerving as my Walpole ſhall perſuade you to enter into that ſet which you have affected to condemn: when you have done that, he will teach you how to paſs the gloomieſt ſeaſon in the country, or any where, without once regretting thoſe "va-"nities that tire," and do not

leave

leave one pleaſing trace in the ſoul. The dull *chimney corner* will be the moſt agreeable place in the world to you, when you have a companion who can make you as happy as is

Your

EMMA WALPOLE.

Miſs THORNTON to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

DO not, my deareſt Emma, reſtrain the ſentiments which Mr. Walpole's behaviour muſt neceſſarily produce in a ſoul ſo grateful as yours is. I ſhall not diſpute with you on the ſignification

of *words*; we may differ only in our interpretation of them: your *eſteem* is, I dare believe, all that it ſhould be, and means as much as my warmer expreſſion would do. Let it increaſe then hourly, and be as bleſt as his worth and your own can make you.

Could I have predicted, my friend, when firſt I came home, that I ſhould have been ſo reconciled to my ſituation here, I ſhould never have lamented to you our not having a *Walpole* in our neighbourhood.—Do you conclude that uſe alone has wrought this alteration, and that I am one of thoſe weeds that take root and flouriſh in every ſoil, without requiring any more culture,

only

only time to vegetate? Be undeceived, nor think me of ſo eaſy a diſpoſition; I ſhould have withered in the Grove, had it not been changed, by the power of a young *magician*, into the terreſtrial paradiſe.

Sir Charles Noel has been the potent agent who has thus unexpectedly improved the place; or rather *my eyes* have been the ſpell, which having drawn him here, the reſt followed of courſe—but it is not very intereſting to know how, unleſs you know what has been the change.——After he had been ſeveral times in company with me, he was pleaſed to ſay, he could not *live* without me; and though I did not take this declaration in its

literal ſenſe, few men having died for love; yet, to avoid all *danger* of ſuch an accident, I graciouſly conſented to his making propoſals in a more *common-ſenſe ſtyle* to my uncle: thoſe were too advantageous not to gain him over to his intereſt. Matters being thus readily adjuſted, I am in a fair way of ranking ſoon among the *chaperonnes*.

In the interim, the preſence of a ſwain, agreeable in his perſon, polite in his behaviour, and chearful in his temper, gives a new appearance to every object about me; and the days glide away in an enchanting manner.

I am not the only perſon who

experiences

experiences the joys of this ſtate; my aunt is enraptured, and actually *admires* Sir Charles more than I do: I might be *jealous* of her raptures, did they not ariſe from the thought of ſeeing me ſo well ſettled. I am exceedingly ſenſible of her goodneſs to me; but I cannot help being now and then a little petulant with her; for ſhe is in one conſtant fidget from morn to even. Such a *buſtler* I never met with before: every article muſt be finiſhed as ſoon as it is mentioned. Her *friend* Noel encourages her in this; and I ſhould be hurried out of my wits between them, did not my cautious uncle interfere. He will have every point ſecured, be-

fore

fore we are married; and this gives ſome check to the haſte of the others.

I was not a little pleaſed with one *trait* in Sir Charles's character, which came to my knowledge without his: when the ſettlements came on the tapis, Mr. Bridges, though only connected with me by marrying my mother's ſiſter, offered to make a large addition to my fortune, which my diſintereſted lover would not hear of; but wiſhing to ſerve the young gentleman who is to ſucceed to the eſtate, he begged that he might be the better for his refuſal.—He is a very diſtant relation of my uncle's, and has never been noticed by him; owing

owing, I am afraid, to his having been the next in the entail. Men never cordially love their heirs; the very worthieſt of them do not look kindly on thoſe who are to ſupply their places. If it be *natural* not to do ſo, it is a terrible blot on humanity, ſince it muſt proceed from their knowing they were themſelves impatient to ſupplant their predeceſſors; and ſuſpicion is the certain conſequence, and which muſt make their heirs diſpleaſing to them. I am loth to believe this diſlike then to be ſo natural. I hate every idea which leſſens my own ſpecies in my eſteem. To increaſe philanthropy, is to increaſe our happineſs; wherefore

then

then degrade the beings who are to adminiſter to our pleaſures, by ſuppoſing human nature capable of ſuch horrible crimes, and fix a cauſe for this, which may be a caſual circumſtance?

My uncle, unable to reſiſt ſuch a pleader, immediately conſented to it, and has already ſent four thouſand pounds to young Mr. Bridges—a benefaction that does him more credit than fifty times that ſum at his death to keep up the ſplendor of the family; he has alſo written to invite him to the Grove, and is charmed with the friend who put him in mind of doing ſuch good actions. We have often agreed, my dear Emma, that the

pleaſures

pleaſures of generoſity are more ſenſibly felt than any others. I add too, that its rewards are more liberally beſtowed than any others; for every body joins in doing juſtice to Sir Charles's merit on this occaſion: Mr. Bridges declares that he ſhall not loſe by this donation: my aunt, with tears in her eyes from exceſs of joy, calls him the beſt of his ſex; then congratulates me on my conqueſt. . . .

You can have no notion of any creature half ſo fidgetting as ſhe is; ſhe has been at leaſt half a dozen times in my room ſince I began this letter, to aſk what ſilks, what laces, what ornaments, I would chuſe to have?——Juſt what you pleaſe

pleaſe, my dear Madam, has been my uſual reply: but this does not do; I have had whole cargoes of different patterns brought me, and have been forced to fix on a hundred things, whether I would or not.—I hear her coming again: what's now to be done, I wonder?..... It was only to inform me, that Sir Charles was below: finding I did not lay down my pen, ſhe expreſſed her ſurpriſe at my being ſo compoſed; obſerving, that, if I was left to myſelf, the match would not be brought to a concluſion theſe ſeven years: ſo ſaying, away ſhe trudged, and was down ſtairs in a few minutes, that my lover might not be alone

until

until I made my appearance.—I go, my Emma, to prevent the good ſouls from growing quite impatient—but I muſt make *him* learn ſome of my compoſure (as my aunt calls it) in time, that I may not be worried all my life long with a *buſtle*.

Adieu! continue to love me, even after I am no longer

FRANCES THORNTON.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Miſs THORNTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Spring-Park.

NO one, my ſweet Fanny, more truly rejoices in your flattering proſpects, than your Emma, who

who more than any other knows your deſerts.

Mr. Walpole is acquainted with your Sir Charles, and ſpeaks of him as you do: he remembers him at the Univerſity, and afterwards met with him at Turin. Every body muſt approve of the partiality you feel for him.—I am not leſs earneſt than Mrs. Bridges to have you Lady Noel, though not quite ſo violent in my manner of expreſſing myſelf about it. You need not, I think, deſire to know more of his character than the inſtance you mention ſhows: he muſt have an excellent one who can act ſuch a part; and do not you, by unneceſſary delays, give him room to

accuſe

accuſe you of not ſetting a proper value on it.

We have had a viſitor with us for ſome days, a Mrs. Bromley, who was a ward of the late Mr. Walpole's: ſhe wrote to my huſband a few weeks ago, and intimated her wiſh of being acquainted with me, as her long reſidence in the family gave her a ſort of claim to all thoſe who belong to it.—He gave me the letter to anſwer: I begged to ſee her at Spring-Park, whenever it ſhould be convenient to her to honor us with her company. I told him what I had done: he did not ſeem diſpleaſed, but received her with great civility when ſhe arrived.—

She

She is a fine looking woman, and affects to have a vaſt deal of *hauteur*: I ſay *affects*; - for when ſhe is off her guard, there is more of levity than haughtineſs in her manner. Mr. Walpole is frequently put out of humor by the familiarity of her addreſs to him; yet this may be only the effect of her intimacy with him in his earlieſt years: but this is no excuſe with him, who is ſo very nice in regard to the conduct of women.

She is a widow, has two ſons, and is not likely to break her heart about the loſs of her ſpouſe, who, ſhe informs me, was a ſtrange unpoliſhed wretch, that knew nothing of the world, yet fancied himſelf

better

better verſed in the ways of it than any one: ſhe lived eight years with him, and had reaſon to repent of her haſte in taking him, during every hour of that time—but he is gone; and the next who enſlaves her, muſt have rare perfections indeed.——Theſe are her own expreſſions: but I am miſtaken, Fanny, if ſhe really has ſuch an objection to the ſtate ſhe rails at; for ſhe is not a little deſirous of drawing the attention of the men on her. She declares "Walpole is "grown the ſtupideſt animal on "earth, ſince he married! She re-"members when his gallantry was "as univerſal, as it was pleaſing—"but matrimony is the bane of

"all

" all that's agreeable." He hears this with an half-ſmile, which ſhows more of contempt than applauſe. He told me this morning, that he hoped ſhe meant to leave us ſoon, for he was heartily tired of her.

I am the moſt charming of creatures with her: my looks are conſulted on every occaſion; my dreſs is commended, my perſon extolled, and my wit (this is a new diſcovery!) ſurpaſſes all that ever was heard: I have but *one failing*, and that is being too gentle. I ſhould laugh more than I do, when ſhe is running on thus, if I did not perceive Mr. Walpole grow grave as ſoon as I begin to attend to what

ſhe

ſhe ſays. I have found out, my dear friend, that he is paſſionate to a great degree, though he is always ſo tender of me, as to become calm the moment I appear; but I ſhould be loth to be the perſon who put his patience to the trial, and am therefore very careful of not doing any thing to diſpleaſe him. I wiſh with him, that Mrs. Bromley had left us, leſt her being here ſhould make home diſagreeable to him: he has lately been more ſilent, and much graver, than he uſed to be: he is continually on horſe-back, or ſtrolling about the grounds, under pretence of enjoying the newly-returned ſun. But I am not to be impoſed upon by this; I know

know that he quits the houſe, becauſe he does not like the company in it. As I dare not tell him what I think, I pretend not to take any notice of his frequent abſence; he might perhaps ſuppoſe I intended to reproach him for it, and I am ſure he will not bear that. This chattering widow was yeſterday, after dinner, ſpeaking as uſual of her huſband in a very diſreſpectful ſtyle.—" Why the devil did you " marry him?" cried he. Becauſe, ſaid the other, I was diſappointed in the man I had loved, looking ſteadfaſtly at him.—" You loved!" anſwered he with a ſneer, " that word " is oftener miſapplied than any " other: every one talks of *loving*; " few

" few know what it is. A woman " feels a preference for a man's for- " tune, becauſe it is conſiderable; " for his title, becauſe it would " ſatisfy her ambition: he offers " them to her, and they are accepted, " for *ſhe is in love with him.*" She would have continued the ſubject, but he aroſe, and taking up a book, walked out. When he was gone, " Good heavens!" exclaimed ſhe, " what a vile opinion has he " got of us! Certainly he has met " with ſome very mercenary woman, " who has given him reaſon to ſpeak " thus of us."

I did not care to enter into any particular converſation with her, and propoſed going to my harpſichord,

at which I ſat till tea was ready, and Mr. Walpole had joined us. Mrs. Bromley, ſoftened by muſic, or intimidated by the ſeriouſneſs of his countenance, was more reſerved, and better behaved, than uſual.

Adieu! my deareſt.

Yours ever,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER XXXV.

WHO do you think, George, has been to viſit us? No other than that impertinent Mrs. Bromley, who, when ſhe could not *enſnare me*, made ſuch furious at-

tacks

tacks upon my father, and was actually on the eve of becoming my mother-in-law, when death snatched from her her *intended*. Upon the strength of this (which she fancies I never knew) and her having been a ward of his, she imagines herself connected with the family, and wrote to desire I would introduce her to Mrs. Walpole. I had no design of taking any notice of this request; but happening to give Emma the letter, she, in her great politeness, sent her a pressing invitation. When I found the deed was done, I would not prejudice my wife against her, by relating all the pranks she had played to get possession of my estate; but charitably hoped, that

eight or nine years had made ſome improvement in her principles—— She came, to prove my error.—— Her inceſſant clack broke the heart of that poor dolt her huſband, who fell in love with her at the play, and married her ten days after their firſt meeting, without knowing any thing more of her than that ſhe had a pretty face, and a tolerable fortune. She ſoon taught him, to his coſt, that a termagant ſpirit might be concealed in ſmiles and dimples: he ſunk under her violence after a few years, and left her guardian to his children (he durſt not refuſe to do it): ſhe has the ſole management of the fortune, until her eldeſt ſon comes of age.

age. This may induce ſome indigent fellow to tie himſelf for life to her, and make him regret his poverty and peace in the midſt of riches: thus may every man be puniſhed, who, in marrying, is guided by ſuch ſordid motives!—Emma knew not what to make of her: at firſt ſhe was the high-flown dame, hardly condeſcending to look down on any ſmaller mortal: all was awful and ſublime. I was pleaſed at the change: but finding that did not ſucceed, ſhe relaxed her rigor; and ſuch languiſhments, ſuch advances followed, that it required all *my nicety* to defend me. Did I not always ſay, Sutton, ſhe was——what I will not

write, though you have often heard me ſpeak it, when your good-natured ſoul has been inclined to pity her, and to call me cenſorious: you will never do ſo again, when I have related a ſcene to you which paſſed ſome days after ſhe came. My innocent Emma, who is as unſuſpicious as ſhe is ignorant of art, would frequently leave me *tête à tête* with Mrs. Bromley. In this ſituation, there are ſome women who expect to be *particularly* noticed: ſhe was one; but I ſhould not have been aware of it, if ſhe had not, in a very different tone of voice from what I had ever heard from her, ſaid, "Mrs. Walpole is "a very lucky woman,"—I am glad

you

you think ſo—fixing my eyes on hers, to find out what ſhe alluded to. I was not *vain* enough to detect her immediately; but ſhe determined not to let me eſcape in ignorance.——"Without fortune, "without knowledge of the world, "to conquer a heart like yours—"but ſhe does not appear very "ſenſible of her happineſs."—O, replied I, when a woman once endeavours to leſſen a wife in her huſband's opinion, ſhe fairly confeſſes herſelf jealous.—"I ſhould "never have thought of that," ſaid ſhe, putting up her lip as in diſdain, "I did not mean to de-"preciate Mrs. Walpole by men-"tioning her inſenſibility: it is the

"fault of nature, not her's: ſhe "is extremely amiable; but there is "a coldneſs in her, which I never "yet found in any perſon of her "age."—I began to grow angry—ſhe took ſuch pains to pacify me, that I ſoon loſt my ill-humor; but her words made a deep impreſſion on me, and I reſolved to watch Emma's looks more narrowly than ever I had done. When ſhe came back to us, I ſeated myſelf by her, and taking up her work, I began to aſk a number of queſtions about it: ſhe, not imagining that I really aſked to gain information, made me ſome vague anſwers, and turned to Mrs. Bromley, with whom ſhe continued to talk on ſome

very

very trifling ſubject. I changed my place, and ſhe ſeemed totally inattentive to me: I repeated to myſelf—There is more coldneſs in her than ever I found in any perſon of her age.—A ſecond repetition of it confirmed the obſervation, and my ſullenneſs roſe in proportion. Mrs. Bromley left us, to go to dreſs: I ſtill remained ſilent: Emma looked at me, as if ſhe wondered I did not ſpeak; ſhe aroſe, and coming towards me, ſaid, in the moſt melting accents, "Are you not "well, Sir?" laying her white hand on my forehead as I leaned back in my chair. The *ſir* prejudiced me ſtrongly againſt her enquiry,

and I muttered out, Yes, *Madam*; what ſhould ail me?

"Nay then you are angry, my "dear Mr. Walpole," ſaid ſhe in a tremulous voice.—Have you done any thing to make me ſo?

"Not that I know of," anſwered ſhe, withdrawing her hand, as if afraid.

Then you muſt think me exceedingly capricious to take offence without cauſe. "Indeed I don't," cried the dear girl eagerly: "it is "very poſſible for me to have "acted wrong, without being ſen- "ſible of it; but if you will tell "me what I have done, I ſhall "be much obliged to you;" ſeating herſelf on my knee, and reclining

clining on me.——There was no withſtanding ſuch a gentle apologiſt: I encircled her with my arms, and bid her continue to act as ſhe had done always, and it would be impoſſible to find fault with her. She was ſtill in this ſituation, when Mrs. Bromley returned from her toilet: ſhe drew back, as if amazed at ſeeing her thus, and ſcreamed in an affected manner, "What "an unfaſhionable pair!"—Emma would have diſengaged herſelf from me; but, as I choſe to prove how unjuſtly ſhe had been accuſed, I held her in my lap: ſhe told me ſhe wanted to dreſs—dinner would ſoon be ſerved, looking at her watch. I was not deſirous of having

ving another converſation with the widow, therefore deſired my wife would not change her cloaths that day, as I thought an *undreſs* moſt becoming to ſome women.—" Mrs. " Bromley then," ſaid ſhe," will for- " give me, I hope, ſince I have ſo " good a reaſon for not being " finer than I am."—" O Ma'am," replied the aſtoniſhed lady, " I " ſhould be very ſorry if I was " the cauſe of your not conſult- " ing your huſband's taſte—he muſt " be the beſt judge of what is " moſt becoming."

The flattery contained in this ſpeech did not reconcile me to her: I felt myſelf ſtiff and formal, whenever I was to ſpeak to her; and

prone

prone to contradict her, let her advance what ſhe would. She quickly gueſſed that her *inſinuation* had been diſpleaſing to me, and in the courſe of the day ſhe hinted, in very plain terms, that the ſource of her unhappineſs in marriage had been a *diſappointment* in love, endeavouring that her eyes ſhould ſpeak ſtill plainer than her tongue, when ſhe ſaid this.—I ſpent as little of my time as poſſible with her after this; for the woman who forgets the delicacy belonging to her ſex, is of all beings the groſſeſt. But ſhe has left us, and we are again completely happy.

Three or four months have made a great change in our ſcene: ſpring has

has renewed our verdure, and repeopled our neighbourhood. Variety has *some* charms; yet, faith, I think we were full as comfortable when left to ourselves, as we are now.—You will doubt this, Colonel—I can't help that—your incredulity be your punishment—you are not blest with an Emma, or you would not refuse to credit me.——But come and see how we go on: *mia sposina* longs to be acquainted with you; and I am always sincerely

Yours,

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Col.

Col. SUTTON to W. WALPOLE, Esq.

LETTER XXXVI.

Bond-Street.

COMMEND me to the man who vaunts his *nicety*, with ſo little opportunity of having it proved!—Do you fancy, my dear Walpole, that I ſhall be greatly edified by your reſiſting the attacks of Mrs. Bromley? So far from it, I am rather ſurpriſed to find you paying ſo much regard to her, as to be affected by any obſervation of hers: but this is the way; we liſten to the opinions of others 'till we inſenſibly imbibe them,

and

and without knowing it we adopt ſentiments contrary to our own, and are not always amended by the change. I have ſeen the bold *hit-or-miſs* remarks of a fool, from a certain manner in delivering them, ſtagger the wiſdom of a philoſopher, who, not being prepared to confute them, has been obliged to yield to impudence. Here truth has been ſacrificed to violence; but when the words ſuit any particular foible, an idiot may lead the wiſeſt man who ever lived. Your natural temper, being inclined to *diſquietude*, readily caught at Mrs. Bromley's hint: I queſtion even whether you were not *obliged* to her for furniſhing you with an excuſe

for

for being diſſatisfied.——I talk of *you* as of mankind in general: every one has ſome ruling weakneſs; and thoſe who flatter it, become agreeable to us, without any other recommendation. You confeſs yourſelf out of humor when ſhe firſt ſpoke of the coldneſs of Mrs. Walpole; yet a few *civil* words from her, ſeaſoned to the palate of your ſelf-love, ſoon appeaſed you: though, not a long time after, it required all imaginable condeſcenſion in your Emma to make you tolerably patient when ſhe addreſſed herſelf to you, yet there is not the leaſt doubt of your *loving* her.—Strange inconſiſtency! but ſo it continually happens, that thoſe we are

moſt

moſt attached to are made moſt unhappy by our whims.—Do not call this the conſequence of the paſſion: Nature never gave birth to ſo monſtrous a production; her dictates are miſtaken by her vitiated ſons. Love was intended to bleſs us, and not to be a ſource of endleſs miſchief: when we abuſe the means of happineſs, we are juſtly curſed by feeling the effects of our imprudence. Do not you, my friend, like me, repent, when too late, of not knowing your own intereſt.—I am concerned to hear your account of *that ſcene*; it was drawing yourſelf into an unpleaſant dilemma for no end.—What if Mrs. Walpole, unconſcious as ſhe was,

had

had chosen to have gone up to dress before Mrs. Bromley did it, from thence had come down to dinner without giving you an opportunity of playing off *your airs*, or of coming to any explanation about your *sullenness*; how many pangs would you have suffered without the least necessity!—You trusted to the gentleness of your wife's temper: beware, Walpole, of being so ungenerous, as to impose on an amiable woman, because you think she wo'n't resent it, or of souring your own disposition by imaginary affronts—the real evils are just as many as a Job could bear in this life. . . . .

I am in a testy mood, you'll think, when

when I find fault with more of your laſt letter; but there is a paragraph which I cannot paſs over without criticiſm—You ſay "there "are *ſome* women who expect *par-* "*ticular* notice." When chance throws them into a *tête à tête* with a man, it is, I am ſorry to ſay, a maxim with too many of us, to make the moſt of ſuch opportunities; nor have we always ſagacity enough to find out whether or no it will be pleaſing to our companions. You pretend that Mrs. Bromley *expected* your notice: I deny that you could be ſure of that at firſt, though the event proved her to be one of thoſe who did; but in this caſe, as we all do in moſt

moſt others, you judged from conſequences, and could not have been authoriſed to have taken any liberties with her until ſhe had given you encouragement: but upon bare preſumption you proceeded. Conjectures of this kind are too apt to be erroneous; and I would rather diſappoint an hundred *wantons*, than raiſe a bluſh in the cheek of one modeſt woman.

I believe I ſhall ſoon be with you, for I am tired of every thing here, and ſhall be glad to find a region where the inhabitants are happy enough not to be envious, and wiſe enough not to be ambitious.—Adieu! Yours ever,

GEORGE SUTTON.

Miſs

Miſs THORNTON to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

The Grove.

I Should have little faith indeed, my dear friend, if I did not believe you ſympathiſed very ſincerely in all my concerns: I have never yet known the feeling heart of my Emma indifferent to the agitations of any being, much leſs of one who has been always bleſſed with her friendſhip, and who in return has never formed a wiſh for happineſs in which ſhe has not been included.——This knowledge of your ſentiments makes me, in writing to you,

you, dwell on many circumſtances trifling but to ſo partial a correſpondent.

My aunt's *haſte* has been ſuch a ſpur, that even lawyers have been forced to travel with unuſual ſpeed in drawing up the writings: this accompliſhed, a few days now will put a period to *my reign*. Sir Charles's houſe is not above eighteen miles from this: he propoſed our going there, that I might give directions for any alteration I choſe to have made in furniture, &c. We agreed to go, and laſt Saturday, the day we fixed on, we got there to dinner. We found Lady Noel, Lord and Lady Wilmington, and Mr. Noel, ready to receive us.

Sir

Sir Charles's mother has great remains of beauty, and a certain dignity in her whole deportment, which obliges one to keep a very reſpectful diſtance. Her children treat her with a kind of reverence, which confirmed me in the notion, I had at firſt ſight conceived, of her being extremely imperious: they obſerve every turn of her eyes; they are, by the bye, the moſt ſparkling and brilliant that ever I ſaw. I thought I could perceive an air of anxiety in my lover when he preſented me to her, but it was quickly diſpelled by the very gracious reception ſhe gave me; yet this, and the frequent repetition of *civil things*, which during the time we ſtaid ſhe ſaid to me,

me, did not prevent my feeling myſelf exceedingly *humbled* in her preſence.

Lady Wilmington, her daughter, is handſome, but not ſo much ſo as her mother muſt have been at her age; but her eaſe, and particular kindneſs to me, rendered her much more agreeable, though there is ſomething whimſical in her humor.—Her Lord is ſmart and genteel enough in his perſon, but not remarkably ſtriking for this, or any other quality: yet the match was brought about entirely by love; for at the time they were firſt acquainted, my Lord had a father and an elder brother living; and Lady Noel meant her girl for the Mar-

quis of Kent, who was paſſionately enamoured with her. She was forbid to harbour any thoughts of young Wilmington; but oppoſition only ſerved to fix her his: ſhe peremptorily refuſed to hear the Marquis, to accept of his propoſals, or, in fine, to marry any one but the man objected to. She told me herſelf, that, until this, *a look* from her mother had been equal to a poſitive command with her; but that, finding ſhe was not ſo abſolute when ſhe came to oppoſe her, ſhe had gained courage from hence, and carried her point by dint of obſtinacy. Lady Noel, tired out by her complaints and her conſtancy, bid her at laſt to diſpoſe of herſelf

without

without ever troubling her again: ſhe took her at her word, and in a ſhort time married. She was in diſgrace at firſt; but her brother's intreaties, and the plea of her not having engaged without a *kind* of permiſſion to do ſo, brought about a reconciliation. The death of his brother, and that of his father, which followed in a few months, made him at once an equal, and a deſirable match for her.—She promiſed to be a great deal with me when I am ſettled at Noel-Caſtle, as ſhe hates my Lord's manſion-houſe, and every part of the country about it.—I could ſee him pained by this declaration; but ſhe claims

the privilege of ſaying what ſhe pleaſes.

The next in the groupe was Mr. Noel, a very fine, elegant young man: I really don't know whether he is not handſomer than my Sir Charles; but as I have never reckoned beauty of any conſequence in a man, this is no diſparagement to my *elected*. But this Edward is a mighty agreeable creature, and the brothers are uncommonly attached to each other.

After having ſpoken of the family, I muſt now ſay ſomething of the dwelling, which is a grand pile of building, and ſituated moſt agreeably on a riſing ground: it was built on the ruins of a caſtle deſtroyed

ſtroyed in the Barons wars, and retains the ſame pompous appellation; but being a *moderniſed* one, it has no muddled moats about it, no draw-bridges to defend its entrance, nor do you find within it winding ſtair-caſes leading to dark towers.——We ſtaid there until Thurſday, and had but juſt got home when Sir Charles was obliged to go to London for a ſhort time. He comes down next week, and is then to be *made happy*, as he ſays.

Whilſt this promiſing aſpect of Fate is turned towards me, my heart ſtill ſighs, my deareſt Emma, for one unhappy object, whoſe looks reproach me with cruelty,

and whoſe merit deſerves a better lot.—You have often heard me mention Mr. Howe as one of my *real* lovers, and I have as often regretted to you the indifference I felt for this poor man: with the higheſt eſteem, (this word conveys a colder meaning with me than it does with you, witneſs your *laſt letter but one*) I never could prevail on myſelf to own another ſentiment for him.—It was not in my nature—I could not blame myſelf for it—our hearts had not been made to pair and fit each other: there is ſome miſtake in his; mine is not its counterpart.—I was ſorry for him; I ſaid ſo, and refuſed him in the ſofteſt terms; expreſſing, at

the

the time, the greateſt ſenſe of the honor he did me, and wiſhing to preſerve his good opinion without accepting of his love. Diſappointment did not render him unjuſt; he ſaw through the coldneſs of my words, the true feelings of my ſoul, and promiſed to be ſatisfied with my friendſhip.——He intended, I make no doubt, to be as he ſpoke: but, though we may reſtrain our paſſions, we cannot annihilate them; and Mr. Howe has languiſhed ever ſince, without permitting a murmur to fall from his lips. When he found that his countenance would betray his ſufferings, he refrained from coming any more to the Grove.—It was many months ſince

I had ſeen him; for he carefully avoided every place where we were likely to meet: I heard, from ſeveral people, of his being in a very bad ſtate of health, and of his being adviſed to go abroad. I wiſhed him to be out of the neighbourhood before I gave myſelf to another. As I was amuſing myſelf with drawing two days ago, the door of the library where I ſat was thrown open, and Mr. Howe announced. Guilt never looked more aghaſt than did your Fanny. The unfortunate invalid, too deeply engaged with his own embarraſſment, did not ſeem to obſerve mine, but immediately began a converſation which ſtill increaſed my uneaſi-

neſs:

neſs: he informed me, that he was come to take a laſt leave of his friends at this place; that he ſhould ſet out, in a few days, for ſome warmer climate; but he could not refuſe his heart the ſmall indulgence of once more ſeeing—he heſitated an inſtant; but finding me affected even to tears, he immediately added—— the *family* at the Grove. I quitted him under the pretext of going to let my aunt know of his viſit: ſhe joined him directly, and in her good-natured, hoſpitable way, would not hear of his leaving us for the reſt of the day. I had walked out, in hopes of his going away without ſeeing me again. I was ſhocked, when I went down to dinner, at finding him

among our gueſts. Compaſſion made me more attentive to him than to any other perſon at table: I was even pleaſed that Sir Charles's not being there gave him a right to all my notice. He was very ſenſible of my kind intentions, and thanked me more than once for being ſo good to to him: but at going away he whiſpered to me, that "it was doubly "cruel to be thus amiable, and thus "*inſenſible*." After reflecting a little he obſerved, that the laſt epithet could only be applied to me by ſuch a wretch as himſelf; for he had been told there was a man happy enough to be *loved* by me: he wiſhed him, in *that light*, every bleſſing, and hoped he would prove worthy of the treaſure

treaſure deſigned for him. He then hurried out of the room, as if to hide emotions he was afraid of ſhowing. What a reflection was this for the creature who knew herſelf to be the cauſe of his ſufferings! I declare to you, my Emma, I ſcarcely ever felt more keen anguiſh: I retired early to my chamber, and was obliged to read over Sir Charles's letters, and to contemplate his picture for ſome time, in order to calm my troubled ſpirit. Are there, my deareſt Mrs. Walpole, any women inhuman enough to enjoy the pain they give? I have heard there are ſuch in the world; but I cannot credit it, imagining we are all formed with pretty much the ſame ſentiments,

timents, though perhaps with different degrees of ſenſibility: every one would not, very poſſibly, ſit like you or me, and weep over the victim to their charms; but ſurely no one would *wiſh* to reduce a worthy man to this ſtate!

My aunt, who was a true *marplot* on the occaſion, muſt adviſe Mr. Howe ſtrongly againſt leaving his own country, and quoted fifty examples to him of people who had left their native air to periſh on a foreign ſhore. I winked at her, trod upon her foot, and did all I could to ſilence her, but to no purpoſe, ſo earneſt was ſhe in her advice: he did not, I hope, pay more regard to her, than ſhe did to me.

My

My uncle cautioned him againſt the impoſitions he would meet with from his being an Engliſhman, and recommended to him to go to Liſbon rather than to France, as his money would be more likely to return from thence into England, thro' the channel of trade, than from our natural enemies, who never part with any of their ill-gotten gains. Do you not admire the ſpirit of patriotiſm which appears in ſuch various ſhapes in different beings? One ſet meets at the London Tavern to raiſe ſubſcriptions, and wrangle for the good of the nation—another, at the Standard Tavern, *priding* themſelves on greater *refinement* of principles, talk loudly, without doing more than

their

their neighbours. The 'Squire drinks, the Merchant trades, the Soldier fights—all for this end, if you believe what they ſay. My uncle's counſels will match any of the glorious efforts that are made in the good old cauſe.

When will Miſs Biſhop be with you? She muſt certainly have gotten a ſurfeit of London by this: the pleaſures of Ranelagh do not make amends for duſty ſtreets and ſultry air. I will add no more to this pacquet, which has already paſſed the bounds of an ordinary epiſtle. Adieu then, my dear; believe me always

Your affectionate

F. THORNTON.

Mrs.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Miſs THORNTON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Spring-Park.

POOR Mr. Howe, what a ſituation is his! Well might you, my Fanny, fret for him: it is a dreadful pain to know one has cauſed the miſery of a fellow creature, and it may ſtill be aggravated by the ſuperior worth of the ſufferer. I pity you, my ſenſible friend, almoſt as much I as do your deſpairing lover .... This is a fine leſſon to you on the mixture of good and evil in this life: at the moment when your joy riſes higheſt, and you are on the point

point of ſaying your happineſs is complete, this diſcontented ſhadow is drawn forth to your view; he comes to prove that no human bliſs can be perfect, and to teach you that the greateſt pleaſures will have allays. Were we to be thoroughly ſatisfied here, we ſhould no longer think of hereafter: let us bleſs the merciful hand which has thus mixed the draught of life, and without repining ſwallow the potion as it comes.

You aſk, my dear girl, if there are women inhuman enough to enjoy the pain they inflict? When we judge from our own hearts, queſtions of this kind are eaſily anſwered; but in this caſe I think that

rather

rather too narrow a compaſs to move in, and I would quit myſelf to enter into a wider field—that of the world; but there my inexperience would ſoon lead me into a labyrinth, from whence nought but vice would furniſh me with a clue to get out. At our ages, women can hardly gain knowledge of the world, without riſquing the loſs of every valuable quality: after many years of life, experience is purchaſed at a leſs price; but even then can we be reckoned gainers, when innocence is exchanged for wiſdom? I own I ſhall part from ignorance with regret: it is the beſt ſecurity for our moſt pleaſing ſenſations; it inſures that unſuſpecting confidence, that general good-will,

which

which we feel for all the human race; it knows nothing of ill, it can ſuſpect none. Happy ſtate of the unknowing! long may I taſte its pure joys! For our peace ſake then let us imagine, that every woman, like Fanny and her Emma, would mourn the wreck of hapleſs love . . . . . .

Kitty is come to us, and *à l'ordinaire* all life and ſpirits: ſhe is a moſt entertaining companion, and not a leſs deſirable friend: in your abſence ſhe ſeems to be the only one who can in any meaſure ſupply your place to me.

Yeſterday Lord Surry's family dined with us: it conſiſted of himſelf, his lady, and two daughters

old

old enough to be brought out (a number of younger ones are kept up in the nurſery until theſe are provided for).——To pay proper deference to the *head* of the houſe, I ſhall begin by ſpeaking of his Lordſhip, who is the fine gentleman of the laſt age, gallant and ceremonious; an indifferent huſband, a very tender father, an uncertain friend, a kind maſter; made up of contradictions, yet never treated with contempt—ſo much more reſpect does the world pay to *quality* than to *qualities*.

Mr. Walpole, from whom I learnt the characters of my viſitors, ſays Lady Surry is a prudent woman, has been the beſt of wives

and

and mothers; but from living ſo much at home ſhe is deficient in many of thoſe *agrémens* which make an agreeable companion. I could not perceive ſhe wanted more than a few faſhionable phraſes to make her converſation juſt as unexceptionable as her behaviour: he is doubtleſs, though, a better judge of the *agreeable* than I am; therefore Lady Surry muſt not be placed among them.

Lady Caroline Warren, the eldeſt daughter, is a perfect beauty; but it is not of the winning kind: ſhe is thoroughly convinced of her own charms, and looks with diſdain on the leſs lovely: her manner is of that ſort which mortifies and diſ-

guſts

guſts all thoſe who are not ſo well aſſured of theirs.

Lady Georgina, not ſo completely beautiful, is infinitely more charming: the laughing Graces ſport in her countenance, and every glance of hers ſhows an heart innocent and gay as playful childhood can make it. I am very fond of this little girl, who in her artleſs way told me ſhe was quite delighted with this viſit to Spring-Park; that her mamma had promiſed ſhe ſhould come to ſee me as ſoon as they came down, and ſhe had never ſuffered her to forget it.

Mr. Walpole, who is always ambitious of having me appear to advantage, was more than commonly

ſo

ſo on this occaſion: he was in my dreſſing-room twice or thrice during the time allotted to the toilet: he did not like this colour—that ornament would beſt ſuit my face—I muſt put on my *petit-gris*.—After all theſe directions I was left to my own taſte: I was glad he had told me *his*, as I reſolved to follow it. I did ſo, and found him in the drawing-room when I went into it: he advanced to meet me, repeating with the moſt flattering look, as he led me to a ſeat, "then moſt beau-"teous, when leaſt adorned." Encouraged by the approbation of my huſband, the plain and ſimple dreſs I had on ſeemed to me the moſt pleaſing of any I had ever worn, and

I was entirely ſatisfied with it when our brilliant gueſts were uſhered in. Finery did not excite a deſire, but for my Walpole's ſake I wiſhed to have been as handſome as Lady Caroline. She was hardly ſeated when ſhe whiſpered to Miſs Biſhop, loud enough for me to hear—" What a pity it is, that Mrs. " Walpole has not more bloom! " ſhe only wants that to make her " a very pretty woman."—Her remark quickly repaired the fault ſhe complained of, for in a moment I felt my cheeks glow. Kitty ſaw my bluſhes, and replied with great tartneſs——" When beauty is the " *ſmalleſt* perfection a woman has " to boaſt of, ſhe may loſe ſome or

" all

" all of it, without being leſs ami-
" able.—Mrs. Walpole's paleneſs is
" no blemiſh, as it only renders her
" more exquiſitely delicate; but
" your Ladyſhip may ſee her *now* as
" you wiſhed her to be, for her
" complexion is greatly improved
" ſince *you* ſpoke."

She did not deign to ſpeak again on the ſubject; yet my good friend took ſeveral opportunities of praiſing pale beauties; in which the ſweet Georgina joined, though her own face bore all the marks of ruddy health.

I was not ſorry when they left us: there is a formality in *the firſt viſit*, which makes the end much more agreeable than the reſt of it.

I have frequently thought, during the time when people are thus ſtiff and ſhy, that it has been calculated rather to deſtroy than to encourage ſociety, the eſtabliſhing ſuch a mode of proceeding: and if, inſtead of the *preſcribed* form, every one was left to purſue their own inclination in regard to viſiting, we ſhould never meet with unwelcome gueſts, or ungracious receptions.... Sir Charles, I hope, is with you again; and the ſtirring Mrs. Bridges haſtening the wedding preparations. Kitty dictates a thouſand things for me to tell you; but as it is impoſſible I ſhould write ſo faſt as ſhe talks, and as ſhe has taken her ſtand juſt at my elbow, I believe the beſt

plan I can execute, is that of reſigning my pen to her. . . . . She will not accept it, declares ſhe has abundance of letters to write, but begs I will for once give up to her humor, (which cannot endure ſo dull an employment juſt now) and accompany her in a walk. I muſt comply. Adieu, my dear Fanny.

Yours ever,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Miſs THORNTON to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Grove.

HOLD, my dear friend, and do not be ſo deſirous of hurrying me into matrimony.—I find

it

it is not ſo eaſy to manage our *captives*; and what muſt it be when they become our *tyrants*?—For my ſhare, I don't care to venture my peace on ſuch weak foundations as the profeſſions of a lover. I require better ſecurity, and am not likely to find it, it ſeems, as I differ from moſt folks in my notions, I am told—but you ſhall judge how juſtly.——Sir Charles came from London laſt Wedneſday, loaded with gew-gaws of every ſort, in order to gratify *female vanity*, no doubt; not to ſay a word of the *pride* the men take in having their wives as fine as their neighbours. I received his *preſents* with infinite condeſcenſion, and was praiſed highly

for ſo doing. He was engaged to-day to dine with ſome gentlemen at a club held weekly a few miles from hence. We parted in great good-humor with each other, and he promiſed to be back by eight o'clock: this made me decline going to Mr. Glanville's with my uncle and aunt in the afternoon. I ſat whiling away the hours with reading and working; when, juſt as the clock ſtruck eight, I ſaw Sir Charles come driving into the court, his horſes in a foam from his expedition in travelling. I had no objection, I allow, to this *ſeeming* impatience: it made me conclude he had been as anxious to return to me, as I wiſhed him to be.

The

The ſame ſpeed attended his ſteps, and I found him in the room with me in an inſtant. I teſtified my joy at his appearance; but obſerving a ſomething extraordinary in him, I thought it neceſſary to aſſume a more diſtant air. This did not hinder him from approaching me with a freedom which he had never before attempted. I now ſuſpected that *his friends* had obliged him to drink more wine than he is accuſtomed to do. He very ſoon ſaw the change in my behaviour, and immediately changed his own. Shortly after, he propoſed our taking an airing in his phaëton, which was ſtill at the door, ſaying it was a fine evening, and ſhould not be loſt. As I did

not imagine him very fit to be truſted with the reins, and his horſes not being very quiet ones, I peremptorily refuſed going. Whether he gueſſed my *ſuſpicions*, or was heated with drink, it's hard to tell; but without any more provocation than this, the gentleman flew into a paſſion, and demanded in an authoritative tone, " What were my reaſons for " not going with him: was I " afraid of truſting myſelf with " him?—He knew not how I could " pretend to love a man I did not " chuſe to confide in."——Amazement had ſtruck me dumb for an inſtant; but when I had ſomewhat recovered myſelf, I anſwered with great firmneſs, " That, whatever my

" reaſons

" reaſons were, it would be of no
" importance to give them to a per-
" ſon who was too *angry* to be con-
" vinced by them: beſides, I did
" not ſuppoſe myſelf bound to ac-
" count for my conduct, when I was
" certain of its being proper."

He affected to be more calm upon this, and begged I would let him know why I ſhowed ſuch diſtruſt in him, that he might remove it if poſſible.

" When you ſet me ſo good an
" example," ſaid I, moderating my reſentment, " I ſhall doubtleſs fol-
" low it; and as you have *begged* to
" hear my reaſons for not agreeing
" to your propoſal, I ſhall no longer
" refuſe to give them.—You are to

" underſtand then, Sir Charles, that
" there would be a glaring impro-
" priety in my being ſeen driving
" about the country in your phaëton,
" with no companion but yourſelf:
" you would not have made ſuch a
" requeſt at another time; and *at*
" *this* I ſhould be more to blame
" than ever for conſenting to it."

" You fancy I am drunk, Madam;
" but you are deceived—I am per-
" fectly in my ſenſes, and know
" what I have ſaid."

" I am ſorry for it, Sir, ſince, bad
" as the excuſe is, it would have
" been better to have pleaded in-
" toxication, than to have owned
" you committed a fault in your
" *ſober* ſenſes."

" What

" What fault have I committed,
" Miſs Thornton?" interrupted he.
" Is it a crime to have expected you
" would have been above *vulgar pre-*
" *judices*, to have given me pleaſure?
" I confeſs I cannot reconcile your
" behaviour now with the foregoing
" part of it. A woman who *loves*
" will give up a trifle to make her
" lover happy."

" Stop, Sir," ſaid I, " and learn
" from me, that the woman who
" was *above* what you call *vulgar*
" *prejudices*, would be *beneath* your
" regard. She who ſhows an in-
" difference to the opinion of the
" world, deſerves the cenſures of
" it. This is not ſuch a *trifle* as
" you may think: appearances are

" all that people can judge from;
" and when thoſe are *improper*, it is
" very reaſonable to conclude they
" will be condemned.——I ſhall
" always be happy in making you
" ſo; but I will never purchaſe
" happineſs by an imprudence—It
" would be no compliment to you
" to do ſo, as I ſhould prove by it
" that *your eſteem* was of no great
" conſequence to me. To act con-
" trary to the conviction of my
" judgement, would be departing
" from my principles; and would
" as aſſuredly draw on me your con-
" tempt, as it would the reproaches
" of my own heart."

Saying this, I took up my needle, and was going on with a piece of embroidery

embroidery which I had been about when he came in. This was a new affront. As he grew more *quarrelſome*, I became leſs diſpoſed to indulge him, and went on with my work a little longer.——Theſe creatures can't bear the leaſt contradiction: fawning and kind as you pleaſe when nothing happens to ruffle them; but throw the ſmalleſt obſtacle in their way, and adieu to their good-humor. Sir Charles is certainly as *mild and patient* as any of them: but even he could not endure oppoſition; for finding I did not inſtantly quit my work, he ſnatched up his hat, and with a profound bow wiſhed me a good night. This was unexpected; but as it was

not

not my buſineſs to make the firſt advances towards a reconciliation, I returned his *wiſh*. Altercation had kept up my ſpirits; but when I ſaw him drive off, all the woman's ſoftneſs took poſſeſſion of me, and I burſt into a flood of tears. After paſſing ſome time in this way, I began to caſt about how to evade all my aunt's enquiries about Sir Charles, whom ſhe was to have found here at her return. I determined at length to retire to my own apartment before ſhe came, and to order my maid to tell her I had got the head-ach, and had gone to bed, deſiring no one would diſturb me: this was done; and about nine o'clock I overheard the good old

lady

lady in the next room, catechiſing Walker about me.——" So your " miſtreſs is indiſpoſed, I hear—— " How long did Sir Charles ſtay?"

" I really can't tell, Ma'am; but " I fancy, when he came, my " miſtreſs was ſo bad with the " head-ach, that ſhe could not talk " to him, which made him go " away."

I laughed at Walker's officious zeal, which prompted her to give ſo *curious* a reaſon for his ſudden departure: it was not a ſatisfactory one to my aunt, who, notwithſtanding *my prohibition*, would come in to ſee me. I ſhut my eyes, and ſhammed a ſound ſleep when ſhe approached the bed: this made her

eaſy

eaſy as to *me*; but the abſence of my lover ſtill troubled her. I envied the ſtate which made her feel no inquietude, but what aroſe from curioſity, which, as it was of no very material conſequence, I did not think myſelf obliged to gratify. I could not do it without accuſing Sir Charles of having in ſome ſort miſbehaved; and, whatever honor I might have gained from publiſhing my part in the converſation, I ſhould find no conſolation, ſince his *faults* appear to be a reflexion upon me.

After paſſing many hours without once forgetting myſelf, I got up, to try what converſing with my deareſt Emma would do towards compoſing my mind.

I weep, I am miſerable; yet what cauſe have I to be afflicted? Have I not done right? and if Sir Charles Noel is unreaſonable, ſhould I be unhappy?—He is not worthy of my tears if he requires me to do wrong; and I ſhould rather rejoice that I have offended him by the ſtrictneſs of my notions, ſince in acting thus I muſt have ſecured his reſpect. In this ſtrain have I paſſed the night, in arguing myſelf into peace, but without effect: yet hard as it is to ſuffer this, were I again in the ſame ſituation, I would again do as I did then, convinced as I am of the rectitude of my conduct. Why then mourn?—Becauſe the man I loved, he whom I thought more

than

than mortal, has proved himſelf unworthy: he has loſt himſelf in my eſteem, and yet he is dear to me. . . . But I will wait until to-morrow before I quite condemn him: a night's repoſe will reſtore him to himſelf, and he perhaps will come back to me, aſhamed of his proceedings. With what joy, my dear friend, ſhall I behold my penitent! Adieu! I ſhall fatigue you, without benefitting myſelf, by writing.

Miſs THORNTON in Continuation.

Sunday Morning.

How unjuſt was I, my dear Mrs. Walpole, in doubting for a moment of my Noel's return! Not a ſoul was up in the houſe, excepting myſelf,

myſelf, when he arrived here. I had juſt put away my letter, and was looking out in admiration at the glories of the riſing ſun, when I ſaw a carriage coming to the gate: I quickly diſcerned whoſe it was. After much knocking and ringing, he at laſt gained admittance. I went to my watch, and found it a little after ſix. My next thought was, to go to *my glaſs:* this told me no very agreeable truths; my eyes ſwelled, cheeks wan, and lips parched. I had half a mind not to have been ſeen until I had ſlept: I threw myſelf down, and hoped to have taken a nap; but pleaſure was as great an enemy to me now, as anxiety had been before, I would not go out of

my

my room until I heard my aunt's bell ring; for I now *again* conſidered myſelf as the *offended*, and therefore did not deſign to make any conceſſions. When the family was ſtirring, I went, as uſual, the firſt into the parlour, where I found my dear conſcience-ſtricken Sir Charles waiting my coming. As ſoon as he ſaw me he immediately accoſted me with theſe words.

" I am come, my deareſt Fanny,
" not to juſtify my laſt night's
" behaviour, but to intreat your for-
" giveneſs of it.—I really was not ſo
" intoxicated as not to know all
" that paſſed, though I had drank
" too much to be quite rational:
" your health had been too often
" toaſted,

" toaſted, for me to have been ſo-
" ber.—In this ſituation, men are
" more void of ſenſe than brutes: it
" is a vice which has always been
" deteſtable to me; it will for the
" future be more ſo than ever, from
" its having made me offend you."

" I am not angry now," ſaid I,
" ſince you no longer perſiſt in your
" error——to know that you have
" committed one, is ſufficient pu-
" niſhment to a ſenſible ſoul; and I
" aſk no other atonement than your
" acknowledgement of it. I have
" ſome apologies to make, as well as
" you: you were not maſter of your-
" ſelf at the time; but I, who had
" my cool reaſon to direct me,
" ſhould have been more conſiderate

" than

" than to have provoked you, by " continuing to work when I found " you objected to it."

" No, no," replied he; " you were " right, undoubtedly, not to oblige " me in any thing, after the ill uſe " I had made of the liberty you al- " lowed me of being with you."

When two people are thus willing to confeſs they have done wrong, there is no fear of their being long at variance: our difference was quite made up before Mr. and Mrs. Bridges came to us.——Sir Charles had left me with a reſolution of going to Noel-Caſtle, but had not gone ten miles when, repenting of his raſhneſs, he ſtopped and waited at an inn until morning, when he could

come

come back to the Grove, and repair his folly. He gave *buſineſs* as an excuſe to my aunt for his having gone away before ſhe came home: and as I had prepared him to hear of my *head-ach*, every circumſtance paſſed off without ſuſpicion.

The firſt hour of a reconciliation was the very time for making me fix a day for our marriage: he did not neglect it, and Thurſday next is named.....

I cannot abide your Lady Caroline Warren, and am glad Miſs Biſhop has more *tartneſs* in her manner than you have: ſhe is fit to deal with ſuch a conceited girl.—I ſhould gueſs that Nature loſt ſo much time in forming her features thus nicely, that

ſhe

ſhe could ſpare none for the embelliſhment of her intellects: or is it that education having taught her nothing but how to manage her charms, ſhe has never been able to find out any other ſubject to employ her thoughts? I believe there are more fools made after, than before their births.

It is lucky for you, Emma, that I do not wrangle often; for *this diſpute* of ours has ſwelled my letter to an enormous ſize. After Thurſday I muſt no more preſume to *contradict*. Alack! how hard upon us, to be obliged to reſign our favorite *right*, and to mortals, too, full as fallible as ourſelves! But that which I vow to do ſhall be performed,

formed, though it may now and then revolt againſt the inclination of

Your

FRANCES THORNTON.

Miſs BISHOP to Lady NOEL.

LETTER XL.

Spring-Park.

THIS day's poſt having brought us a *flouriſhing* paragraph, concerning the marriage of "Sir Charles "Noel, Baronet, of Noel-Caſtle, "to Miſs Thornton, of the Grove "in Warwickſhire;" every body was eager to pen a ſomething upon the occaſion, expreſſive of their feelings.—Walpole was for an epithalamium;

lamium; but when he came to invoke the assistance of the Deities, a multitude of objections occurred. Matrimony never was upon a very respectable footing on Olympus; he considered, therefore, he could have no hopes of much *assistance* from that quarter: and what's a poem without an invocation, you know? Then there was not a simile which suited his Fanny; not a Goddess in whom he did not find out some blemish, nor a celestial husband whom he could propose as a pattern to yours. These difficulties discouraged him so much, that he protested against writing at all.

Mrs. Walpole then undertook to felicitate you; but sick and puling as she

ſhe is, ſhe was better diſpoſed to make a funeral oration than an epiſtle upon this ſubject: yet ſhe continued for ſome time to ſtruggle againſt her natural bent, until Mrs. Sayer (the houſe-keeper) a matronly body, finding her at her deſk, ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt her writing; ſaying it was not proper, in her *ſituation*, to ſit *poring over* any thing; that confinement was the worſt thing in the world for her; and, in ſhort, gave her ſo many *wiſe* documents, that ſhe was forced to riſe, and leave the taſk for me. Since, then, it is decreed, that I ſhould ſpeak for myſelf and the others alſo, you may gueſs that I ſhall ſay a vaſt deal, being commonly very *verboſe*: but I

hate repetitions; and as there have been an infinity of weddings ſince the original inſtitution of the ceremony, there is not a new idea left for me to utter on this occaſion: in this diſtreſs I can only tell you, that all here wiſh you every happineſs which can be found in an union of hearts. As you could have no doubt of this from thoſe you call *friends*, it would be unneceſſary to employ more words about it, eſpecially as *wiſhes* avail but little in ſuch caſes, unleſs the parties are well inclined to be happy in themſelves. That both you and Sir Charles are ſo, muſt be allowed, and would have been equally ſo without this airy help. Having now ſhown how inſignificant ſuch complimentary

complimentary expreſſions are in general, I muſt claim an exemption for our *ſentiments*, which derive the higheſt value from the warmth and ſincerity of the hearts which dictate them. You are to eſteem then this letter very differently from thoſe you will be peſtered with from the votaries to form.

As I have addreſſed you as a bride, my dear Lady Noel, I ſhall now talk to you as a wife. Are you impatient to hear *my ſage* inſtructions?—I begin then by caviling at the concluſion of your laſt letter to Emma, in which you *piouſly* purpoſe never to contradict *your ſpouſe*, merely becauſe he is ſuch. I never thought ſuch doctrine would have

been broached by you; it was worthy only of the non-reſiſting gentleneſs of our meek friend, who, born "to be controuled," does not find any hardſhip in obeying. For my part, the *jus divinum* of huſbands ſeems to me full as oppreſſive as that of kings; and, had our parliament been properly *mixed*, both would have been aboliſhed together: but, *excluding us* from taking any part in the formation of the laws, like all uſurpers they tyranniſe, to enſure by tenure what they do not hold by juſtice. Our men are not only the ſons, but *heirs* of liberty, and, like the eldeſt-born, run away with all the inheritance from us defenceleſs beings.—"Wherefore are we

"born

" born with high ſouls, but to " aſſert ourſelves, ſhake off this " vile obedience they exact, and " claim an equal empire o'er the " world?"—Wherefore indeed! I'll anſwer for it, there never was an Hampden, a Selden, or a Ruſſel, who had a greater averſion to *paſſive obedience* than myſelf: and why ſhould I be more obliged to it by the laws of my country than they were? You will tell me I have never been *in love*. No, thanks to Heaven! I have not, and hope I never ſhall, if thoſe two ſyllables are ſo powerful as to tame my aſpiring ſpirit. I would not loſe the *glory* of being the *patroneſs* of my ſex's freedom for all the joys of a

romantic paſſion. . . . . But unleſs I find I am likely to make a convert of you, I ſhall not explain myſelf more fully. I ſhall judge, from your next, what progreſs I have made.

After paſſing ſome weeks here, *en trio*, our party was increaſed laſt night by the arrival of Colonel Sutton: an aquiſition, let me inform you, to any ſet; for he is agreeable and handſome. If I could depend upon Walpole, he is a *non-pareil*: but I would never take the character of an Oreſtes from a Pylades: I chuſe to make uſe of my own unbiaſſed judgement for finding out the merits of an object. I have already given this a deal, methinks,

in

in calling him what I did; for I am not very eaſily pleaſed in my companions.

We are plagued eternally with *intruders:* if I did not entertain myſelf with tracing the ſingularities in each, I ſhould be ſtupefied with their viſits, which are as long as they are dull. Mrs. Walpole, I perceive, *takes* mightily with her country neighbours; ſo civil, ſo affable, ſo ready to pardon all their aukwardneſſes, and ſo provided with good-natured pleas to ſave them from my raillery—it's very edifying, I proteſt; but it does not hinder me from taking *them off* as ſoon as their backs are turned: and I always extort a ſmile from her,

though ſhe endeavours to ſcrew up her mouth, for fear of encouraging my *wickedneſs*.

If Mrs. Sayer does not change her *preſcriptions*, you may hear often from

CATHARINE BISHOP.

Lady NOEL to Miſs BISHOP.

LETTER XLI.

Noel-Caſtle.

ON reading your letter, my dear Miſs Biſhop, I felt my happineſs increaſed by the wiſhes it contained: no bliſs on earth is ſo great as not to receive addition from knowing ſuch hearts are intereſted in it:

it: mine, I acknowledge, vaſt as it was before, has extended ſince I have been aſſured that I am ſo tenderly remembered by my friends at Spring-Park.

I would not have my Emma put herſelf to the ſmalleſt inconvenience to write to me: I am convinced of her good diſpoſition to do it, and that ſhall content me until Mrs. Sayer, and the reſt of the adepts in the art of nurſing, ſhall think fit to take off the interdiction. You, my ſprightly correſpondent, muſt, whenever you can find leiſure, indemnify me for her ſilence: all *libertine* as you are in your ideas, I ſhall not be afraid to engage with you; nay more, I promiſe myſelf

an entire victory over you ſome time or other: the day will come, I foretell, when you will renounce your own will, and prove more true pleaſure in complying, than ever you found in commanding. It is eaſy to practiſe obedience when we are ruled by the maſter of our choice: his power is the *prop* of our weakneſs, not the deſtruction of our liberty. The huſband who is diveſted of his authority, is incapable of affording protection; and therefore, unleſs we could *fight* for ourſelves, it is ſafeſt and beſt to let him enjoy his prerogative, that we may reap the advantages of it. I have only mentioned yet the meaneſt incentive to this ſubmiſſive conduct:

duct: when we come to ſpeak of the others, I am ſure of bringing you over to my way of thinking. Were we kept in ſubjection only by fear or intereſt, we ſhould really deſerve ſlavery; but when love, the great interpreter, guides our ſteps, the harſh word *obey* no longer ſcares us: when deſires are mutual, it is puzzling to determine who exacts, or who complies.——

" He rules, becauſe ſhe *will* obey:
" She, in obeying, rules as much as he."

You, who are ſo very obliging to all your acquaintance, would make no difficulty in being ſo to the perſon you love: ceaſe then to ſuppoſe that you would deviate from an eſtabliſhed law,

law, rendered ſacred by divine and human ordinances.

Rebellion has often produced tyranny, as well as ſprung from it: the huſband who is fretted by conſtant oppoſition, grows more ſevere: for inſtance, ſhe who refuſes to ſtay at home when ſhe is deſired, cannot expect to find it an agreeable place at her return; nor can ſhe hope to be more attended to when ſhe makes a requeſt. To be happy, we muſt conſider others as well as ourſelves. By the rules of politeneſs we learn to yield up our opinion to another, rather than by perſevering in it to appear *rude:* we ſacrifice our moſt precious hours to a thouſand impertinents, who from rank,

or

or ſome ſuch fortuitous circumſtance, claim our notice for the ſame end: we endure daily mortifications for the ſake of being reckoned well-bred: and ſhall we, when conformity becomes our firſt duty, relinquiſh it? But you are already convinced; to accuſe you of being *obſtinate* would be an injury: though you ſhould not make an abſolute recantation, I ſhall not fail to ſet you down amongſt the *tractable* females, who make a much more advantageous figure than thoſe unnatural Amazons, who graſp at power, and throw off the beauty of the fair, without attaining the wiſdom of the men; becoming thereby loathſome to both ſexes.

Would one imagine that *une*

nouvelle

nouvelle epouſe could give lectures on ſuch a theme?—But your wit inſpired me; and although I have not written on this ſide of the queſtion with as much ſucceſs as you did on the other, yet, as I have taken the *beſt* part, what has been defective in the ſtile may be hid by the juſtneſs of my ſentiments, and you will not have carried the debate againſt me.

I left the Grove a few days after I married: my aunt, uncle, and two or three more of my friends, came here with us. We have lived ever ſince in a ſtate of racket and diſſipation, every moment bringing ſome new face to the caſtle. I ſhall be

glad

glad when this gives place to a more peaceable life.

I have the cleverest *flirt* imaginable for you, when you please to show yourself here. Edward Noel would exactly suit your taste; so gallant, and so lively! he charms all the *belles* here; but as I reserve him for you only, I have insisted on his being my *cicisbeo* until I have provided him with a proper mistress. He declares that he cannot have one that he likes better than me; but as he has never seen you, and I am rather too nearly connected with him, he may, without any breach of gallantry, forsake me as soon as I can get an opportunity of introducing him to you. I have already

so

ſo ſiſterly an affection for him, that I am anxious for his welfare, and would place him in your hands as the beſt he can be in. I began to apprehend that he would have ſlipt through my fingers ſoon after he came to us. Sally Glanville, who is a ſweet, bluſhing little girl, a near neighbour and intimate acquaintance of mine at the Grove, and who, as my bride-maid, attended me when I came home, ſtruck the youth with great admiration on his arrival: for two days, he never moved out of the ſphere of her attractions; but ſhe not ſhining kindly upon him, he was quickly detached from her. She would be a dangerous rival, I can tell you; for few women are endowed with

with ſo many native graces. She has been brought up by her grand-mother, who never travelled fifty miles from an obſcure village in Devonſhire; but good-ſenſe does not require the knowledge of what is termed High-life, to make its poſſeſſors polite and gracefull in every action. Sally's rural breeding might reproach above one third of our very *faſhionable* acquaintances: natural civility, not being cramped by abſurd maxims, is always conſiſtent, always eaſy, and unaffected.

Mr. Glanville, her father, is alſo with us: he is a ſenſible, unprejudiced man; knows human nature, and makes large allowances for its frailties; pities the unfortunate, but never

never deſpiſes them; enjoys good company as much as any one, yet can live in ſolitude without répining; for his underſtanding ſupplies him with thoughts, and his heart makes them always pleaſing to him. The loſs of a very notable wife affected him ſenſibly, and made him recall his daughter from her retreat, to inſpect his houſhold. A ſmall eſtate, and five children, demand great œconomy. This amiable girl makes the prettieſt figure in the world in her new employment: her little brothers and ſiſters pay her great deference, yet love her juſt as they ſhould do.——If I have any knack at divination, young Bridges, who has been ſome time with my uncle,

does

does not regard her with indifference; and his *partiality* prevented Edward from being favorably received. I wiſh it may be brought to a match; for the young man ſeems well diſpoſed, and ſhe will comfort my poor aunt for my abſence.

Do you not wonder that I have written thus much, without mentioning Sir Charles? Conſidering how much he fills my thoughts, it is wonderful, I own; but he is a ſubject I mean to treat with the *higheſt reſpect*, and ſhall not expoſe myſelf to the ridicule of one who profeſſes to diſdain the weakneſs of the heart. I keep my *tenderneſſes* for the indulgent Emma, who will

underſtand

underſtand them. I adapt my diſcourſe to my company; I would not talk to a prelate of a maſquerade, nor to a gambler of honeſty; neither would I make *you* yawn by dwelling on the charms of love, though I have as much friendſhip for you, as for moſt of thoſe who are dear to

Your

FRANCES NOEL.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER XLII.

Spring-Park.

I Muſt have imitated that unhappy Queen of Spain, my dear Fanny, who uſed to feign that ſhe *longed*

to

to do a thouſand things, which were forbidden by the formal cuſtoms of that country, if my *camerara major* had not been leſs rigid than hers; but as ſhe does not pretend to *manage* me, I take the liberty of following juſt as much of her advice as pleaſes me, and would not defer writing to you any longer.....

Kitty mentioned Colonel Sutton's being with us: prepoſſeſſed in his favor, from Mr. Walpole's regard for him, I was not ſurpriſed to find him extremely agreeable, on our firſt acquaintance; but I cannot explain to you the ſort of eſteem I now feel for him. He behaves to me with an attention more minute than that of a lover; yet his affec-

tion

tion is like that of a brother. He is always near me, always anxious to give me pleaſure, is my conſtant companion whether I ſtay at home, or go out in the chaiſe, when the reſt are riding. Kitty calls him *my ſhade*, and not without reaſon.

His humor, I ſhould gueſs, was originally lively; but he ſeems to be oppreſſed at preſent by ſome misfortune, for he ſighs frequently, and is ſo abſent often, as not to know what paſſes, eſpecially in a large company: our free-ſpoken friend told him yeſterday, that he looked as if he had loſt his heart, and wanted to find it again. Mr. Walpole laughed exceedingly at the ſpeech; but I thought the Colonel would

would have been more obliged to him, if he had let it paſs unnoticed.

This morning, as he and I were ſitting together, after he had ruminated for ſome minutes, he aſked me if I knew where Sidney was? I ſtarted at the name.——"I mean," continued he, "whether you can "inform me how to direct a letter "to him, for I know he is gone "to Ruſſia; but a gentleman has "wrote to me, to beg I would "gain that piece of intelligence for "him, as he is deſirous of acquaint-"ing him with the alteration in "his uncle's ſentiments towards "him."

This uncle was his father's elder brother,

brother, and never would ſee him when he lived at Sunbury.——It would not be poſſible for me to repeat what I ſaid; for my whole frame was ſo agitated, that memory could not record a ſyllable of it. I made ſome anſwer, which was ſufficient to let him know my ignorance of his abode. He ſaw me diſtreſſed, and inſtantly dropped the converſation, without one prying queſtion.

I was impatient until I could retire, and paſs a ſtrict examination upon myſelf about the cauſe of this ſtrange emotion on hearing a name which is ſo familiar to me. I found my heart, my deareſt Lady Noel, ready to juſtify itſelf, or I ſhould not have looked up with

confidence

confidence in my huſband's face when we met.—It did not bound with rapture at the ſound of Sidney: it would not have been moved by it, had not that name recalled to its recollection thoſe happy days, when, bleſt with a father's tenderneſs, it knew no wiſh beyond what it enjoyed, nor dreaded the evils that were wrapt up in futurity.—Believe me, when I ſolemnly aſſert, that my Walpole holds an undivided empire in my breaſt, and that every other man is now indifferent to me. But why do I make this proteſtation? Could it be a dubious matter? Impoſſible! Virtue ſhudders at the ſuppoſition: I would not for the creation ſuſpect that you, my beloved friend, ſhould

have ever thought ſo vilely of me.—No, Fanny, I would not have ſacrilegiouſly prophaned the altar at which my faith was plighted, by offering my hand without the conſent of my heart. You, who heard every ſentiment of my ſoul, know that I ſhould have been inexorable to a parent's prayers; that force or pity could not have dragged me to the church, had I not found myſelf ſenſible of the merits of the object deſtined for me by my father: and I call heaven to witneſs, that, ſince the day I became his wife, I have never had a thought which could diſgrace that title. This is the only time I have ever ſuffered myſelf to remember there was ſuch a being left in the world as Sidney; but

but in doing it, I forget he ever was dearer to me than friendſhip could make him. . . . . .

Mrs. WALPOLE in Continuation.

Wedneſday.

I was not very well when I began to write on Monday, and have not been able ſince to finiſh this. My mind had been cruelly racked with apprehenſions of committing a crime, in being ſo much affected by the calling over paſt events; and I had but juſt pacified it, by the aſſurances I had of its innocence, when Wilſon came up to me, with all the marks of concern in her looks, to inform me, that ſhe had for ſome months led a very uncomfortable life with Mrs. Sayer, who, having been entire miſtreſs of the place for ſome years, aſſumes un-

common power over the other ſervants, and has taken a particular diſlike to her.—At another time I might not, perhaps, have ſhown any regard to this complaint; but being low, and my ſpirits in a flurry, every trifle appeared of conſequence then.—This poor creature, I knew, was attached to me from my infancy; ſhe had been my mother's attendant, and had never in her life offended me; yet I ſhould be forced to part with her: it was neceſſary I ſhould do ſo, for Mr. Walpole had full as many reaſons for being partial to his houſe-keeper, as I had for being ſo to my maid: I could not bear the idea of putting his love for me to ſuch a trial, as that of aſking him to diſcharge an old ſervant, for whom

whom he had more than once expreſſed a preference. I told Wilſon, that ſince they could not live together, ſhe muſt prepare to leave the houſe: her tears redoubled at the ſentence, but I could not repeal it. Her diſtreſs did not help to reconcile me to the expedient, yet no other offered: I felt my heart wounded to the quick, but I reſolved not to open it to any one. In this temper I returned to the company: the moment I appeared, Mr. Walpole obſerved my dejection, and ſaid to me in a low voice, "You have "been crying, my love! has anything "vexed you?" I anſwered in the negative: he preſſed me no farther about it, but watched my countenance ſo narrowly, that I feared he

would detect the falſehood I had been guilty of. I then tried to be chearful; but I am ſo wretched a counterfeit, that I could not carry on the deception, and relapſed again into my firſt ſtate. The next day, my melancholy ſtill remaining, I perceived that Mr. Walpole was gloomy, and out of humor with every one; that he ſeldom ſpoke, or took the leaſt notice of any thing: when he and Miſs Biſhop were riding out, as uſual, in the morning, I meant to have ſhut myſelf up in my own apartment, that I might have brooded over my cares without interruption: I was going as they went out of the room, but found myſelf withheld by the train of my ſack: I turned to ſee whether my

chair

chair had not caught hold of it, but diſcovered it was Colonel Sutton who detained me, until the door was ſhut after the others.

" Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Wal-
" pole," ſaid he, "for my preſumption:
" I ſaw you riſe with an intention of
" retiring; but, as I wiſhed to ſpeak
" a few words to you, I prevented
" your doing it.—I may be an impu-
" dent fellow in your opinion; but
" I promiſe you I am an honeſt one,
" and mean merely to ſerve you, by
" what I am going to ſay. You are
" a very young woman, and at your
" time of life every body requires an
" adviſer: I am not capable of be-
" ing ſo good a one as many would
" be; yet, as no other perſon under-

" takes to be yours, you muſt per-
" mit me to have that honor."

I aſſented to it, and he thus went on :——" Walpole has the beſt heart
" on earth ; it is devoted to you :
" but he is extremely nice, nay,
" ſometimes, even captious in his
" diſpoſition ; and it is not an eaſy
" matter always to pleaſe him : but
" I can give you one unerring rule
" to go by, which will never fail to
" keep him in good humor ; that is,
" placing an entire confidence in
" him : conceal nothing from him,
" and he will never be diſſatisfied.
" Generoſity is his *forte :* he will
" pardon every thing you own to
" him ; but reſerve is ſo odious to
" him, he would renounce his deareſt

friend,

" friend, if he ſuſpected him of it.
" You married before you could well
" diſcern his character; ſo that, in
" thus drawing it to you, I hope you
" will not think I mean any imputa-
" tion on your penetration, ſince no-
" thing but time can develope ſuch
" myſterious windings, as the heart
" of man is formed with. Our Wal-
" pole has as many intricacies in his
" as any of us; but I will be bound
" for his improving upon you from
" a thorough knowledge. His fa-
" ther was an humoriſt, and he was
" a petted child; he has therefore
" ſome hereditary, and ſome ac-
" quired flaws in his temper: he is
" ſenſible of them himſelf; but he is
" offended, if thoſe he loves are

" *afraid* of him. Your timidity may
" ſometimes be miſconſtrued by him:
" I counſel you then to have leſs of
" it when you addreſs yourſelf to
" him: be aſſured he cannot thwart
" you, and when he finds you con-
" fide ſo abſolutely in him, he would
" ſooner die than diſappoint you. I
" ſpeak as one well verſed in all his
" ways: we have been intimate from
" our juvenile days, and I have never
" found him unreaſonable, when he
" is properly treated."

I thanked this kind *adviſer* for his trouble; but the more I reflected, the leſs able I was to prevail on myſelf to diſcloſe this diſagreeable affair to my huſband: I could neither bring myſelf to tell it, nor could I hide how much

much I endured from it: I then experienced the truth of your obſervation, " that when people once give " way to cauſeleſs apprehenſions, the " imagination never fails to dreſs up " a new bugbear in every thought." Fears multiplied every moment, and when Mr. Walpole came back, I was ſo harraſſed by them, that I could ſcarcely keep myſelf from fainting when I heard him: my diſorder made him forget his diſpleaſure, and he hung over me with all his uſual fondneſs. As I did not go down ſtairs for the reſt of the day, he was moſt part of it with me; and during this, I told him all that had happened amongſt our ſervants; but I told him likewiſe, that no entreaties ſhould

make

make me keep Wilſon. He deſired me to do as I would as to her, but ſwore that Sayer ſhould go, for having coſt me ſo many tears: after great interceſſion, however, I procured her pardon, on condition that ſhe and my maid both remained, but without ever interfering with each other.

When this trifle was adjuſted, my dear Walpole, without the leaſt acrimony, reproached me for having concealed any thing from him, and aſked me, "whether I was afraid "of him? He knew himſelf to "be of a fiery temper, but he "did not think he had ever been "ill-natured to me." Aſhamed of my childiſh terror, I engaged that this

this ſhould be the laſt complaint he ſhould ever have againſt me; and I felt my confidence in him to be ſo great, that I was going to acquaint him with every incident of my paſt life——but oh! my friend, there was one *fatal ſecret*, which I durſt not avow, and that ſecret imbitters all my hours!—I tremble, leſt accident or deſign ſhould betray it, and my ſilence be interpreted as guilt: yet, I have not lived long enough with him to venture at convincing him, that, though I *have* loved another, I have ſtill a heart left, worthy of all his tenderneſs. He talks ſo oddly on this ſubject, and adheres ſo firmly to his own conceits about it, that I have not

fortitude

fortitude enough to bear up againſt his arguments. Kitty and he quarrel inceſſantly on this point: ſhe aſſures him that *our* affections are full as renewable as *theirs*; then aſks how often he had been in love before he married?

To this he pretends, that difference of education makes the caſes not parallel; that women are confined, and taught from their cradles to preſerve a purity of ſentiment, which conſtitutes their higheſt merit, and fits them for the narrow circle of domeſtic joys; and that, when once a female tranſgreſſes the bounds aſſigned her, be it by coquettry, or a greater breach of chaſtity, ſhe forfeits her primitive virtue:

virtue: the firſt amounts to a proſtitution of the heart, as the other is of the perſon; and he ſhould be ſorry to make any great diſtinction between them: that the rover man, whoſe province it is to govern, is early initiated into all the ſcenes of life, that he may acquire the neceſſary knowledge; and from *habit* can form connexions with a number of the fairer ſex, without *really* loving more than one. To controvert this, would not be to remove his prejudices; they are fixed, and nothing leſs than an age of unremitting conſtancy in my love for him will effect an alteration in his opinion. When years have given weight to my aſſeverations, he may be

be brought to believe me when I refute his ſyſtem. I ſhall be more attended to when the endearing name of Mother is added to that of Wife. I muſt leave it then to ſome diſtant period to prove me what he imagines me to be. Unhappy attachment, which, without being criminal, has been the cauſe of ſuch laſting uneaſineſs to me! If imprudence is thus ſeverely felt, what muſt guilt be? Save me, gracious Heaven, from the knowledge! and let me ever remain entitled to the glory of being Lady Noel's friend,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIII.

Noel-Caſtle.

PROFIT, my dear Emma, from the new friend you have gained. Colonel Sutton ſeems to be calculated for the taſk he has engaged in; and though I am no advocate for the *Platonic ſcheme*, yet I fancy you may cultivate this friendſhip without danger, as he does not aim at any more than inſtructing you how to render your huſband and yourſelf happy. He, as being intimate with Mr. Walpole, will be better able to direct you as to his

particular

particular turns of humor: but there are other points in which I ſhall ſtill continue to adviſe. With a diſpoſition more amiable than moſt, permit me, my Emma, to caution you againſt that over anxious manner of feeling about every circumſtance that happens. The parting with a good ſervant would be a loſs, and I do not wonder that you viewed it in an unpleaſant light; but to fret yourſelf ſick about it, was deſcending greatly from the character of a ſenſible woman. If you give way thus to every little trial that comes upon you, you will find the burthen of life much too heavy to bear, for the moſt fortunate among us meet with croſſes every day. We

call

call ſenſibility a dangerous gift: we make it ſo by our miſapplication of it, for Heaven deſigned it for the ſweeteſt of our poſſeſſions; but if we play the unthrifty prodigal, and laviſh it on every call, we change to the bittereſt pangs our beſt comforter. The child who cries for a rattle, may be quieted with it; but it is not thus with the grown-up perſon: the toy is wiſhed for, and, if refuſed, is of conſequence enough to be matter of grief; but let it be obtained, the enjoyment does not compenſate for the trouble of *wiſhing*. Strangely compounded as we are, we hate pain, yet court it; we covet pleaſure, yet abandon it when it invites us. You forgot all your happineſs,

pineſs, and loſt two or three days of it in *brooding over* (to borrow your own expreſſion) a trifle magnified by the vapors of melancholy.—Fye! Mrs. Walpole, I did not expect this! you, who who ſhould have learnt philoſophy from diſappointment!—But let me ponder a while before I upbraid you again: you were not well; and our machinery is ſo contrived, that the mind, though ever ſo noble, is ſubject to the body, and diſeaſe preys upon it: the brighteſt underſtanding is obſcured by a fever; the moſt intrepid courage quakes under the attacks of an ague; and the activity which immortaliſed the name of a general in our father's days was at laſt conquered by a lethargy.

lethargy. It was ſickneſs then which damped your ſpirits; I am ready to ſuppoſe it, that I may not blame you for murthering your peace by a voluntary ſurrender of it. Stoiciſm vainly cries that pain is no evil; a more powerful voice contradicts it, and the ſtouteſt yields on the preſſure of it. Patience, and not want of feeling, is the only remedy we can rely upon: that informs us how to make a proper uſe of it, to conſider it as a friendly viſitation ſent us from above to wean us from ourſelves, an expiation for our ſins, and a purifier of the ſoul. Fretfulneſs and impatience are not more unchriſtian-like than impolite: it is adding

thorns

thorns to our pillow, and uniting crimes to misfortunes, when we give way to them.

But whilſt I am *ſermoniſing*, my own buſineſs is neglected, and I hear Sir Charles running into every room to ſeek me; for the card-tables are ſet, and the company waiting for me: there is no harm in making it wait a little; for whether folks are counting their fingers, or their fiſh, it makes no great odds: the abuſe of time is much the ſame; nay, it is probable leſs miſchief may be done by the one than the other; ſo I ſhall not hurry myſelf.

I retract—Sir Charles does not agree in that opinion, and I muſt

go

go down immediately. Adieu, my deareſt.

Yours ever,

FRANCES NOEL.

Miſs BISHOP to Lady NOEL.

LETTER XLIV.

Spring-Park.

NOT fit to be entruſted with the ſoft overflowings of your boſom!—Be it ſo; I conſent to be excluded from this part of your confidence: you would not be ſooner tired with talking to a diſtracted auditor, than I ſhould be in hearing what I cannot reliſh.—I am not of the dove kind. As far as gallantry can go towards

wards putting us into good-humor with ourſelves and others, I am its humble ſervant, but not one ſtep beyond. I am not inclined to languiſhings and *crazing cares*; nor will I place my bliſs on the *conſtancy* of man: the very ſound is become a jeſt. When I change my ſtate, it muſt be for ſome ſurer emolument than that of being *loved for ever*. Nothing is permanent on this ſide the tomb; and, of all bleſſings, thoſe of love are leaſt durable: how then ſhould I truſt to it!

As for Edward, I am perſuaded he is a very pretty fellow, and will make an excellent *flirt*——though there is rather too much tinder in the compoſition of his heart: but Sally's charms have, I hope, ſpent

moſt

moſt of it; for nothing is more troubleſome than to have an agreeable creature, after having amuſed one for ſome time with mere flirtation, turn to a downright *whimperer*. Forewarn him againſt this; for, aſſure him, I ſhall never attach myſelf to a younger brother.—They may be the beſt gentlemen, but they are the worſt huſbands women like me can chuſe.—I have not the moſt diſtant idea of ſtarving on *la belle paſſion*, nor of living worſe after I marry than before. . . I *venerate* the heroines who have ſo thorough a contempt for money, as to throw themſelves into the arms of beggars. They are very ſublime mortals; but not being formed for this

venal world, they ſhould be placed in ſome region where they could live upon the ſlendereſt diet. Now, as geographers have never mentioned a proper climate for them, no place that I know of would do ſo well as Bedlam, where bread and water would be their food: its inſipidity and lightneſs would ſuit their *goût* as well as their pockets.

But to return to my *delectable flirt*; you can form no notion how welcome the offer was to me, forlorn as I have been ſince I came here: nothing have I met with in the ſhape of that uſeful animal; the men are all *Arcadians* or *Savages*, equally remote from that character. . . I will give you a ſpecimen of one of each

each ſort. Soon after I arrived, we were bleſt with the ſight of a very civil, inoffenſive youth, whom I ſet down in " my mind's eye" as a good improveable ſubject. Frederick Forreſt has no deſpicable perſon, if he underſtood how to make the moſt of it: he is docile, obliging, and would do like other people if he could tell how to ſet about it. I thought it incumbent on *me* to take him under my patronage, ſeeing him ſo well diſpoſed; and I endeavoured to teach him ſeveral *bon ton* tricks: for ſome time he played very ſhy, either growing afraid of me, from hearing me ridicule his companions, or from taking my kindneſs towards him to be ironical; but at laſt my redoubled

civilities diſpelled his fears, and the pleaſure I expreſſed on his appearance brought him frequently to the Park. If he came in a morning, I made him eſcort me on horſeback, and kept him to dinner: if he paid an evening *vis*, I called upon him to aſſiſt me at the tea-table: his aſſurance never roſe above the limits I choſe; and he made the greateſt progreſs in the ſcience of talking *nonſenſe agreeably*, making up *les yeux doux* if a lady did but move her lips to ſpeak: he would whiſper the verieſt trifle with an air of meaning, pick up a fan or a glove with grace, and in returning it ſqueeze the fingers gently. I was proud of my *elêve*, and made ſure of having him to myſelf for the ſeaſon:

but

but how changeable is the mind of man! Frederick, in the high road to preferment, has been ſtopped by the allurements of a little ruſtic, in whom ſimplicity has been more powerful than all my learning: and this promiſing genius is on the verge of ruin, by marrying a girl without a ſhilling. Such an accident might have diſguſted a leſs ſociable diſpoſition than mine: but I waited to repair the loſs with Colonel Sutton, whoſe acquaintance with the world would prevent the fatigue of inſtructing, and the dread of being deſerted by ſuch an ignoble diſaſter. He came, but not for me; *my wit* has no effect, unleſs it is now and then in extorting a laugh from him: I

partake in his general compliments, but nothing elſe: he is Emma's *ſylph*, and cannot afford time to attend to me. When I ſaw her in ſuch good hands, I thought Walpole might have been ſpared for me. Here was a new diſappointment, but no very grievous one; for couſins and married men are not ſuch mighty deſirable flirts! had it been otherwiſe, this *paſtor fido* would have been quite negligent of every fair one but his own.—Reduced to this deſperate condition, I had no reſource left but in *plaguing*, as I could not *pleaſe*.—I fixed on a *ſnappiſh* old codger for my butt, who has numbered a full half century, and has never yet found out a mate. Of all beings, an old batchelor

batchelor is my averſion. . . . There is much to be ſaid in defence of old maids—women have but *chance* for being pleaſed in a lover—they muſt ſtay until they are aſked, and it's a million to one if the offers are ſuch as can or will be accepted; in which caſe celibacy is obligatory.—Now, the man allowed by cuſtom to range from nymph to nymph, authoriſed to fix on which he likes, and who, if rejected by her, is not diſcouraged from purſuit by the cruelty of one, but flies to ſome kinder ſhe, and is full as well pleaſed with her—he, I ſay, has no excuſe for remaining ſingle; and muſt be a Cynic indeed, not to be warmed by merit, or dazzled by beauty, ſome time or other. My

Diogenes ſhows his contempt only to the ladies, and on thoſe he has no mercy: it would put a diffident woman out of conceit with herſelf to hear him talk of us; but, as I don't care a pin for the opinion of one who can be no judge, I *battle* it out with him. He advanced the other day, that *we* were vain, fantaſtic, and froward; inſolent in power, abject without it.

I turned to Sutton, and obſerved, that thoſe who had been *ſlighted* by us, were always moſt abuſive: the reaſon was obvious enough; but they only doubled on themſelves the diſdain they found ſo inſupportable.

Mrs. Walpole coloured, and the men wondered that I ſhould enter

the

the liſts with ſuch a ſavage: but I bid defiance to his brutality. He imagined he ſhould ſilence me by ſaying, "More men had been cloyed "by kindneſs, than deſtroyed by "diſdain."

I replied, that "one who had "converſed ſo little with the ſex, "could know nothing of it."

He *thanked* God for his ignorance, and I *chaunted* Amen. He aſked, "Why that?"

"Becauſe you would have been "like the reſt of the world, and I "ſhould not have had an *oddity* to "have entertained myſelf with."

He did not comprehend what I meant by an *oddity*.

"Why ſuch a creature as you

" are; for I know not what elſe to
" call you. Had you been huſband,
" or father, you might have had a
" more honorable denomination:
" but, according to the Roman
" edict, you can have none as you
" are—not a citizen; for you do not
" contribute to the benefit of any
" place, by adding to the number
" of its inhabitants——not a man;
" for you have no ſocial principle
" in your nature.—*An oddity* then
" you muſt be; and my award
" is ratified by the authority I
" quote.....

My antagoniſt having nothing to ſay for himſelf, but the common cant of ſuch contemptible cenſors, marched off upon finding no body heeded

heeded what he mumbled over, about " chattering magpies—having the " laſt word—female obſtinacy," &c. &c. &c. and I have the pleaſure of having fairly routed him. He has been here two or three times ſince, but has not offered to make any comments on us in my hearing; though he pays us off in thinking, I make no doubt. But as long as his *pericranium* contains all his malice, he may enjoy it unmoleſted by me. When he gets a *migraine*, or *vertigo*, he may have recourſe to medicine; and I ſhall recommend Spleen-wort to him, as propereſt for the conſtitution of his mind at leaſt.....

After this ditty, you need not be half

half ſo ſharp as you are, to gueſs how acceptable *Edward* will be to me. I ſhould have friſked acroſs the country, to have reached to Noel-Caſtle ere this, had I not engaged to paſs the ſummer with the Walpoles: but as my beau is kept in practice by you, I am eaſy about him.——I beſeech you to let him know, before we meet, leſt he ſhould be ſhocked when he ſees me, that I am not blooming as Sally Glanville; nor near ſo beautiful as *la bella Ceutrina*—that I am more *agreeable* than *handſome:* but as he will not diſcover that until we are well acquainted, he muſt not be too haſty in giving his ſentiments of me. . . . . .This may ſerve him

to

to dream on, until he can have the felicity of hearing me. This may likewiſe ſuffice for your Ladyſhip at preſent.

Adieu!

CATHARINE BISHOP.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER XLV.

SUCH a preacher as my Fanny would make proſelytes amongſt the moſt reprobate. What effect then may you not hope to produce in one ſo ambitious of doing right as I am? But *patience* may be as neceſſary for you as it is for me; as, with a ſoul which ſoars far beyond the

the narrow bounds of negative merit, I have a feebleneſs of reſolution which does not permit me to riſe to any height. But, though the more ſtriking virtues may not be in my power, that of reſignation (not the leaſt meritorious) may be practiſed by all; it is that which ſeems to be particularly deſigned for me from the diſpoſition I am of. "The ſmooth-"eſt courſe of nature has its pains;" and it is eſſential to me to be armed againſt the hourly calls I have for the exerciſe of this patient and ſubmiſſive conduct, ſince I feel every thing that happens: the glance of an eye has pained me to the heart; the addition or omiſſion of a word has hurt me. But I am not ſingular

in

in this, for there is no exemption from ſuffering: the only difference is, that "the Feeling for another's "woe, the Unfeeling for his own," ſheds tears.—Pity forces them from thoſe on whom Heaven has ſmiled, and makes them borrow affliction rather than there ſhould be an exception to the general curſe, which involved the poſterity of our diſobedient parents in miſery.....

I have ſaid that Colonel Sutton appeared to labour under a gloom that did not agree with his natural temper, which ſtill broke through it at times, rather hiding for an inſtant, than diſpelling the cloud that returned again immediately, as if recollection checked his riſing gaiety.

I have wiſhed more than once to learn the cauſe of this; but it never tranſpired in the ſmalleſt degree until two days ago, when, having heard that Lady Caroline Warren had accepted of Lord Clarendon's hand, a man to whom no objection could be made, if diſparity of years is not one, we were all making our remarks on the news, and each ſpoke what they thought of it. Miſs Biſhop, who has no opinion of the lady's ſenſe, admired at her making ſo *prudent* a choice. Mr. Walpole execrated the expreſſion, and the woman who conſulted *that* only in marrying. I defended her, by ſaying it was not impoſſible but that ſhe might, excluſive of his title and for-

fortune, have ſeen many perfections in him; that taſtes varied as much as perſons; that he who charmed one, might diſguſt another. Colonel Sutton agreed with me in this; but added, that the *taſte* of a coquette was as changeable as her dreſs, and hardly merited to be called by one fixed name. He ſaid this as if he felt it: but I ſhould not have minded it, if he had not, when left alone with me, renewed the diſcourſe.

" So you think it poſſible that " Lady Caroline Warren could prefer " a man, ſome years older than her " father, to the young and pleaſing " D'Arcy, who offered himſelf to " her, and was rejected?"

" I

" I can only urge variety of taſte," anſwered I; " it is capricious, and " does not adhere to the preciſe " rules of judgement. I can con- " ceive no other motive for Lady " Caroline's taking Lord Claren- " don, but her preferring him: " but her liking him better than " Mr. D'Arcy, though it may " amaze, ſhould not make us blame " her."

" Far be it from me to blame " her, if ſhe really had a preference " for him: but I have experienced, " Mrs. Walpole, that women are " oftener biaſſed by ambition, than " by love, in chuſing."

" You have been unlucky," ſaid I, " in your connexions; for that

" does

" does not ſeem to be the reigning
" paſſion of our ſouls, ſince more
" of us are made wretched by the
" laſt."

" I have ſome grounds for diſ-
" believing that ; for of two, whom
" I attached myſelf to, and of whoſe
" affections I made ſure, one ne-
" glected me for her friend—the
" other jilted me for a wealthier
" lover. The cauſes differed, but
" neither could have loved. . . . .

" I can't determine that," replied
I: " the jilt could not, I ſhould
" imagine, have had any attachment
" to you ; but ſhe whom you ac-
" cuſe of neglecting you for her
" friend, was not deſtitute of ſenti-
" ment, you muſt acknowledge.

" If

" If her friendſhip made her ſeem
" more negligent of you, from the
" kindneſs ſhe ſhowed to another,
" who perhaps demanded her par-
" ticular tenderneſs for a time, it does
" not follow, that ſhe was poſitively
" indifferent to you. A virtuous
" woman will reſtrain her love, as
" ſoon as it becomes inconſiſtent with
" her duty. I cannot help thinking,
" that ſhe who is capable of acting
" up to the friendſhip ſhe profeſſes,
" muſt be a valuable woman; and it is
" cruel to blame her for that as a fault,
" which is certainly meritorious."

" Such ſentiments, Madam, do
" honor to you. I have long been
" convinced, that in forſaking Miſs
" Neville I gave up all right to hap-
" pineſs;

" pineſs ; and, like every wrong-
" headed man, I repent of my error
" when it is too late.—Mine is a
" long, and not an entertaining ſtory;
" therefore I will not relate it to
" you : if you care to hear it, Wal-
" pole will tell it you. Two letters,
" which I will ſhow you, will give
" you ſome inſight into it : they are
" not very much to my credit; but
" when I know myſelf to be guilty,
" I ſubmit to the humiliation of be-
" ing condemned."

I took the letters from him, and quickly after retired to peruſe them : you ſhall have copies. There are ſome things in Miſs Neville's, worth reading ; whether it is that one is naturally intereſted for the injured per-

ſon.

ſon .... That a lover ſhould change his mind, does not carry any of the *extraordinary* with it; but I did not think *Colonel Sutton* could have been unjuſt to the merits of ſuch a miſtreſs !——

I leave you to finiſh the inferences that may be drawn from the two letters, and am your ever affectionate,

EMMA WALPOLE.

To Miſs NEVILLE, Park-Street.

" AFTER having known and loved
" you, for three years, with a tender-
" neſs which I fancied was recipro-
" cal, I did not ſuppoſe that, in aſk-
" ing to hear from you, when I left
" town for ſome months, I had
" laid too heavy a tax on your com-
" plaiſance.

" plaiſance. The *ſang froid* with
" which you parted from me; the
" indifference, which had been ma-
" nifeſt for ſome time in your whole
" deportment, whenever I *intruded*
" upon you by my unwelcome viſits,
" ſhould have prepared me for this,
" had I not ſtrove againſt conviction:
" but the ſuſpicions, which were
" lulled by my wilful blindneſs for a
" while, are now too well confirmed,
" by my not having received a line
" from you ſince I came to Water-
" lands. This has ſucceeded to your
" intention: your coldneſs has de-
" ſtroyed the remains of a paſſion,
" which, from being diſtaſteful to
" you, can no more ſatisfy me. . . .

" With

" With the higheſt eſteem for
" your character, I reſign all preten-
" ſions to *your heart*, which, from a
" principle of *juſtice*, you might
" have called mine, after all the pains
" it coſt me to gain it: and I aſk from
" you the liberty of beſtowing my
" own on one who does not leav
" me doubtful of her being ſenſible
" of its worth. Had I found Miſs
" Neville thus, I had never deſired
" more to have made me ever hers.

G. SUTTON.

To Col. SUTTON, at Waterlands.

" WHY aſk me for what is
" no longer mine?——She, who
" is ſo much more ſenſible of your
" worth, Sir, has already deprived

" me

" me of the power of retaining, or of
" reſigning, your heart. As I am
" ejected, I need not pretend to abdi-
" cate; but I do not even diſpute
" her right to you: we reign by
" election, and ſhe who is choſen by
" *you* muſt have the beſt title. May
" ſhe make you as bleſt as I wiſh you
" to be!

" Had your *ſuſpicions* been brought
" as accuſations againſt me, I could
" have cleared myſelf; but as you are
" ſatisfied that I ſhould be guilty, I
" conſent to appear ſo, being deſirous
" of ſaving you the regret of having
" wronged me. To juſtify my
" ſilence, I ſhould be obliged to enter
" into a detail of diſtreſsful circum-
" ſtances, which would but ill ſuit

" with the ſituation of an happy lo-
" ver. You have not leiſure to weep
" with the friends you would wiſh
" to forget: yet I will not quit you
" for ever, without telling you, that,
" however *indifferent* you have found
" me in thoſe viſits you have termed
" *unwelcome*, I have never had a
" thought, in which you have not
" been concerned; nor did I feel a
" ſentiment, to which you did not
" give riſe.—My ſiſter required the
" moſt diligent attendance from me:
" I gave it, aſſured in my own mind,
" that *you* would approve of every
" action which contributed to raiſe
" my merit. I deceived myſelf: even
" *you* were too ſelfiſh to find that a
" virtue, which did not add to your

" plea-

" pleaſure; and I expected a refine-
" ment not known to the heart of
" man, which ſeeks for gratifica-
" tion at the expence of every hu-
" mane and generous conſidera-
" tion. . . . .

" Be happy, Sir, with a miſtreſs
" who has no unfortunate friend to
" deplore: wailings and lamenta-
" tions are not the chains by which
" you will be bound. I find it now;
" but that friendſhip, to which you
" have been immolated, yet remains
" to comfort me for one who could
" feel its value: to that I devote
" myſelf, whilſt you are triumphing
" in the joys of your new connec-
" tion.——

 " Begone,

" Begone, all degrading ſoftneſs:
" I will not deſcend to breathe one
" repentant ſigh, nor one wiſh to
" recall the fugitive.—Enjoy, undiſ-
" turbed, the pleaſures of *mutual*
" love, and forget

" PRIS. NEVILLE."

Miſs BISHOP to Lady NOEL.

LETTER XLVI.

Spring-Park.

I AM off—Edward muſt not hope to have *me* for a flirt. My aims are much higher now: it did well enough when I was down o'the mouth, and could ſee no brighter gleam, to catch at ſuch an offer: but times are altered,

tered, and we change with them commonly. Hear what my mother tells me in her laſt, then no longer marvel at my variability.——

" The Duke of Kendal, juſt come " from Italy, and the very quinteſ- " ſence of a Maccaroni, has been to ſee " us, and intends viſiting at Spring- " Park very ſoon. He wants money, " and would marry a woman of for- " tune, whoſe alliance would not " *diſgrace* his dignity. You may " have him, if you will; for he does " not deſire more than thirty thou- " ſand pounds. Mr. Biſhop, who is " as well acquainted, as I am, with " your *penchant* for *coxcombs*, bids me " ſalute you Ducheſs of Kendal."—

After this, how ſhould I think of a Plebeian dangler ?—As I live, here comes a cavalcade beſpeaking the approach of the *great man*: let me reckon; one, two, three, four. Mercy on me, a whole troop of horſe! This is as it ſhould be: but I muſt leave you, to adorn myſelf for *captivating*. I ſhall be an hour and a half at leaſt; it is already paſt two.

In Continuation.

Ah, woe is me! better had I ſtaid and finiſhed my letter; for I have *ſeen*, I have *looked*, without ſucceſs: but for the whole riſe and progreſs of this *malheur*. . . . . After a train of ſix horſemen, up whiſked a *vis-à-vis*, finer than the fineſt, lighter than the car of Phœbus; four long-tailed bays,

and

and poſtilions covered with lace—a ducal coronet has a beautiful effect upon a carriage!—I waited to ſee no more, but gave orders for my moſt becoming ſuit to be brought out: ſome time was loſt in deciding which *that* was; but a ſage green, ſtriped with ſilver, carried the day from its elegance. Caps, hoods, lappets, all underwent the ſame ſcrutiny.

Equipped at laſt, down I ran, and ſwam into the drawing-room, with all the *confidence* of good-breeding.——

"Your Grace will give me leave "to preſent Miſs Biſhop to you.— "Miſs Biſhop, this is the Duke of "Kendal."——Walpole, *maſter* of the *ceremonies*.

The head ſunk in between the ſhoulders, like a turtle's, ſerved the Duke for a *bow* upon this introduction. My ſupple knees bent *more gracefully*, I thought. This over, he threw himſelf again on the ſopha, toſſed himſelf back in it, and caſt one leg over the other, and in this indolent attitude ſurveyed the furniture of the room, or his own Bruſſels ruffles. This man is of a contemplative turn, or, perhaps, has a remarkable fine *guſto*, which will not let him obſerve *common objects*.—Whilſt I was thus cogitating, in came Mrs. Walpole, attired with the ſimplicity of a nymph, and more lovely than ever. This animated Venus, concluded I, will certainly rival the

ſtatue

ſtatue of the Medicis, and give ſome ſcope for his admiration. She went through the ſame forms I had on my entrance, and his Grace maintained all his vacancy of countenance, until, turning from her to go back to his ſeat, he caught the proſpect from the windows: "This view is quite *pitto-* "*reſque!*" Overjoyed to find he did not mean to entertain us with a *pantomime*, I would have continued the dialogue: "Yes, it is generally "reckoned a very fine one."

Here ended the firſt *conference*. Next to a mute, I fancied a Maccaroni muſt be the leaſt *compagnonable* of all mortals. I was not much out this bout. We ſat down to table: I tried again for ſome con-

verſation, and was again baffled. Walpole began to talk of France and Italy; I was all ears. . . .

" Pray, did the *Principeſſa*. . . . .
" return to Rome ſoon after I
" left it?"

" O *Deſtino crudéle!*—She never
" appeared there after Arlington
" quitted us.——*Come ſé grande,*
" *amoré!* This accompliſhed woman
" renounced all commerce with the
" reſt of mankind, after ſhe loſt him.
" *Miſera Principeſſa! Doglienze inú-*
" *tili, diſperazióné infruttuóſa.*—But
" you may remember the affair."

" I do," replied the other; " a very
" nonſenſical one it was—I did
" not believe it would have been

" *remembered*

" *remembered* by her after they " parted."

Very inſtructive this! thought I.

" Did you ſee Smythe at Florence " as you came through?"

" O the Bore! I was dieing with " *ennui* whenever he ſpoke! ſo " talkative, there was no poſſibility " of eſcaping the head-ach with " him. Then his ſiſter, too, affected " to be a *bel-eſprit*, which I mor- " tally hate."

That's not wonderful, for *contraries* cannot agree: but this I kept within my teeth.

Walpole dropped the ungrateful ſubject, and mentioned next ſome of the beauties of the French court; *Mademoiſelle d'Orleans*, and *Madame de*

de Guemenée, he ſingled out, as being unuſually attractive.

" *Coſi, coſi*," ſaid the inſenſible : " my heart was not touched by " either."

How ſhould it? ſaid I aſide, for it has never been found yet.

He went on with, " And there's " *Madame de*. . . . . .who is an ab- " ſolute Hyena."

I borrowed a pencil, and marked down *two new words*; the only inſtruction I had any chance of gaining from this rhapſody.—*Bore* and *Hyena*, I made no doubt, would, by their meaning when I could get at it, unriddle all the cleverneſs of the Duke's diſcourſe to me. I ſearched the dictionaries: I found *Boor*; but, beſides

beſides the difference of pronunciation, which I might have got over from his ſpeech being corrupted by ſpeaking ſeveral tongues, I could not reconcile its ſignification with what followed. The other was ſtill more unintelligible; and I was compelled, after all, to note them down as words that "had much of ſound, "with a plentiful lack of ſenſe." . . .

In the evening, cards were propoſed, our gueſts being conſiderably increaſed by the arrival of ſeveral new ones. I had not been in the room when the parties were made; but, as I croſſed the ſaloon in returning, I ſaw a moſt ſuperb figure, to whom I dropped my *beſt* curts'y as he ſtepped back to make way for me.

me. When I got in, I heard his Grace of Kendal ſay, "I wonder "*Villars* does not come!" My fancy directly drew ſome French nobleman, with whom we were to be made acquainted. Recollecting the foreign appearance of the *fine gentleman* I had paid my obeiſance to in paſſing, I did not ſcruple to entitle him *Duc*, *Marquis*, or *Comte de Villars*: but repreſent to yourſelf the doleful cataſtrophe of my ideal hero, when I ſaw him walk up, and with a ſervile demeanour carry a purſe to his maſter, who waited for that to begin the game.

Is this the fate of great names? cried I to myſelf.—Why, at this way of going on, our Engliſh travellers

are

are more to be dreaded by the nobility of France, than our warriors are—theſe being *only* death, the others diſgrace, upon their poſterity. The duſt of Alexander ſtops a bunghole—the name of Villars ſwells the *ſuite* of a new-created patrician of England, not made ſo by his merit. So fades all human grandeur!

My conjectures had ſo often miſled me, that I would form no more about this *ſport of nature*; but, without forerunning in thought any of *its* deſigns, I ſtaid until the action expreſſed what was to be underſtood: but even here I was continually at a ſtand; for, as it was moved by different ſprings from any thing I had ever ſeen, I could not always tell what

it

it would have meant. Had the *Sieur Perico* not better conſtructed his puppets, the *Fantoccini* would not have been ſo much in vogue. He might make a proper preceptor, I ſhould think, to theſe creatures, who, having neither heart nor brains, would be moved by mechaniſm: he would at leaſt make tolerable actors of them.—

I am very ſorry to find Lady Catharine has confounded the Maccaroni with the coxcomb.—If there is any compariſon, the diſtance between them is as the poſitive to the ſuperlative degree, in regard to their foibles; but their merits will not ſtand together in any point.—The *common* coxcomb has taſte enough to *like* one perſon better than another, to have

his

his cloaths cut faſhionably, to frequent the company of the ladies; good-humor enough to be eaſy, and is vivacious enough to amuſe: not a melancholy, woe-begone, ſelf-important prig, puffed up with affectation of pre-eminence in knowledge; too proud for content, too high for eaſe. . . . . .

I have had ſuch a ſurfeit of *ſetting my cap*, that from this period I abjure all premeditated ſtrokes, and will remain until my *twin ſoul* is brought to join me by *the deſtiny* that framed us for each other. Kind powers, preſerve me from having loſt him on *Ganges ſhore!* as ſome author hints. . . .

Our *man of quality* left us, after lounging away three days here, without

out being one whit more converſable from firſt to laſt. The queerneſs of my old *miſanthropos* is even more bearable than the dullneſs of a Maccaroni.——

Sutton bade us adieu at the ſame time; which gave ſomething of a ſolemnity to their departure. We all miſs the agreeable companion in him.

The itch of writing poſſeſſes me, I think, ſince I have been ſtinted in talking: how are you to be compaſſionated for having at this time engaged in a correſpondence with me! but fare you well; I'll curb my pen now. Yours,

C. Bishop.

Lady

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLVII.

Dover.

I Have but a moment's leiſure to inform my deareſt Emma, that a ſudden freak having ſeized Lord Wilmington and Sir Charles, a party was formed for a trip to Spa; and the morning after, we ſet out for this place, to embark for Calais. I received your letters the poſt before, but cannot now anſwer them, as the racket of an inn, the impatience of my fellow travellers, and the fatigue of coming poſt for ſo many miles, are great impediments to

ſcribbling.

ſcribbling. Kitty may depend upon hearing of *beaux* and *petits maîtres* from every quarter. All joys await my friend, and ſhorten the days which are to divide her from

Her affectionate

FRANCES NOEL.

Lady NOEL to Miſs BISHOP.

LETTER XLVIII.

Liſle.

PROSPEROUS gales wafted us in a few hours acroſs the narrow ſeas that part our happy iſland from the continent, and brought us to the firſt ſtage of our journey on this ſide the water. No place abounds

abounds with ſuch conveniences as England, to make travelling pleaſant: bad horſes, inſolent poſt-boys, and rough roads, make me often repent of my haſte in ſetting out on this expedition. Yet, not too national to be juſt, I muſt confeſs, that there are *agrémens* to be found every where. The town we are in at preſent has many beauties, and is worth the pains we have been at to ſee it. A garriſon, and a vaſt deal of good company, make it a very agreeable reſidence. We have *des Comédies*, *des Bals Paré*, *des Aſſembleés*, and other diverſions; and *les charmantes Angloiſes* do not appear without a large detachment of officers to attend them, whoſe regimentals,

mentals, though not of the *true martial* colour, nevertheleſs make no bad ſhow. Lady Wilmington is *au comble de ſes deſirs*, when ſurrounded by them. I am not ſo taken with them, as to forget my dear Noel, who is ſatisfied that I ſhould be *admired*, ſo I do not *admire*: he is ſafe; for as long as I have him with me, I ſhall never ſee perfections in any one elſe.

We ſhall not be many days longer here. Direct to me at Aix la Chapelle. I am already impatient to hear of my Engliſh friends, and ſhall be more ſo, if at my arrival there I do not find letters from you. We ſhall viſit Bruſſels and Antwerp, and make ſome ſtay at Paris. I

ſhall

ſhall ruin myſelf in laces, ſilks, and knick-knacks; though my good aunt fancied ſhe had ſupplied me with ſufficient for my whole life. One *travels*, you know, to get rid of *narrow* notions; therefore mine will be more enlarged of courſe than hers upon this ſcore. . . . I am conſtrained to divert my thoughts with theſe *bagatelles*; for there is a weight about my heart, on being in a ſtrange land, where language, air, people, all differ ſo widely from my own, that will not let me indulge reflexion too deeply. Uſe may do much; but I ſhould not believe it, were it affirmed ever ſo ſtrongly to me, that a native of one country could in ſix weeks, or two months at moſt, be ſo

charmed

charmed with another, as to relinquiſh all thoughts of his own: yet how many of the *petits voyageurs* come back ſo truly *Pariſian*, after theſe tours, that one would conjecture they had never been out of its *faux-bourgs!* I have often been ſtunned by their complaints of the difference between Paris and London, and as often mortified by the contempt they have ſhown for their own metropolis. When I have ſeen both, you may rely on the moſt impartial account.—Adieu! if you do not write, dread to meet

Your

FRANCES NOEL.

Miſs BISHOP to Lady NOEL, at Aix la Chapelle.

LETTER XLVIII.

Spring-Park.

WHEREFORE ſhould I write, my deareſt Lady Noel, to give you pain! Yet to retard the diſcovery is not to remove the misfortune; and you will too ſhortly hear of your wretched friend's fate: from my hand the blow may be ſoftened by the part I take with you in it. The dear, unfortunate Mrs. Walpole is in the utmoſt danger; her days curtailed by the ſhock—of what? for here my information

ceaſes. I will be as ſatisfactory as I can, and for that will go to where this alarming alteration began. We had been invited to dine at Lord Surry's to-day. Emma was not able to go, but inſiſted that Walpole and I ſhould keep our engagement. We preſſed hard to be excuſed; but, on her ſaying ſhe ſhould be obliged to go if we would not leave her alone, ſhe in a manner forced us from her. We, eager to get back, ordered the carriage earlier than common, and ſat upon thorns until we could get into it to return. The moment it ſtopped, "How does your Lady do?" cried Walpole, not waiting to hear the anſwer, but ſkipping up the ſteps to have ocular ſatisfaction as to his enquiry.

quiry. He had almoſt reached her room, when he met her woman, who ſtopped him by theſe words: "My "Lady, Sir, is ſo ill that we are "terrified out of our ſenſes!"— "Where is ſhe?" aſked he with a voice choaked with agitation, "and "whom have you ſent for to her? "Why did they not diſpatch a meſ- "ſenger to let me know it?"—This brought us to her; but no terms can deſcribe the ſtate we ſaw her in; panting for breath, convulſed, and ſtruggling in agonies, whilſt terror and grief ſat on her face, and ſeemed to redouble at ſeeing us. The afflicted huſband, not able to ſupport himſelf, would have ſuſtained her in his arms; but her averted eyes, and

the efforts ſhe made to diſengage herſelf from him, made him deſiſt; though he will not loſe ſight of her, but ſits behind her enveloped in the profoundeſt dejection. . . . .

When I could get any one that would ſpeak to me, I queſtioned them about what had paſſed, and have picked out, that about four o'clock an expreſs arrived, who ſaid he brought diſpatches for Mrs. Walpole: the ſervants, not ſuſpecting any conſequence from the delivery of them, carried them up to her: Wilſon, who was in the room, ſays ſhe turned pale on breaking open the ſeal, and ſeeing a packet incloſed, directed to Mr. Egerton; that ſhe read all the papers contained

tained in it, excepting one, and put them into her deſk, but all of a ſudden ſunk down on the floor in a ſwoon; that Wilſon called for help, and they immediately applied ſalts and other volatiles to her noſe, which brought her to herſelf in ſome ſort; a ſurgeon was ſent for, who opened a vein, but no blood came; and that they had ſent to Lord Surry's immediately, but the man, having taken the horſe-road, miſſed of the coach, or we ſhould have been prepared for this ſcene. It is now five hours ſince ſhe was firſt taken, and ſhe is yet ſpeechleſs. The meſſenger who came with the expreſs, told them it came from Sunbury, but could tell nothing more of it. In

this uncertainty, all conjectures are fruitleſs: I am filled with apprehenſions of I know not what. I will not ſend this, until ſome light is thrown on this darkneſs.....

.....

About midnight the ſuffering Emma firſt articulated the name of Sidney; then raiſing her head, looked wildly round the room, and ſeeing Walpole, cried, "Shield me from "him!" I had gone up to her in great hopes of prevailing on him to retire, as I thought it increaſed the woes of each, their being together. My entreaties had no effect, but I remained there with him. On hearing her ſpeak, he ſprung from his ſeat to her, and, half diſtracted with joy,

ſeiſed

ſeiſed her hand, on which he imprinted a thouſand kiſſes, calling her his angel, his beſt life, and every thing that could expreſs his tenderneſs—She liſtened to him awhile, then burſting into tears, "Go," ſaid ſhe, "leave me, I am not what you call "me. But poor Sidney would not "have hurt *you!* Heaven pardon "us both—he would have died "without your ſword."

"My beloved Emma," cried the deſpairing Walpole, "do you not "know me?——Have I done any "thing to offend you?"——

"I am very ill," replied ſhe in a faint voice; "I know not what "paſſes about me, but I believe it "is all a hideous dream—you ſeem-

" ed to me to be covered with the
" blood of Sidney, and going to
" ſtab me with the ſame ſword
" with which you had killed him."
" You are very ill, my ſweet love—
" but it is only your fever which
" gives you ſuch ideas: you can-
" not be hurt by any one, whilſt
" I am near you." . . . .

" O!" ſaid ſhe, laying one hand upon her heart, the other being ſtill in his; " and is it a fever, which lies
" ſo heavy here?—I am almoſt ſuffo-
" cated with it." . . . .

He aſſured her it was nothing more, and begged her to keep herſelf quiet: but that was not to be done; for as her pulſe quickened, ſhe grew more delirious, and was ſo earneſt

earneſt for his going, that he at length left the room, after having paſſed the whole night in it. His removal leaving her more at liberty, her wanderings were leſs violent, but more pathetic.

" Venerable ſhade of my father," exclaimed ſhe at one time, " and " thou hovering ſpirit of the murder- " ed Auguſtus, hear me, when I " call upon you to aſſert my inno- " cence!—And you guardian powers, " ſave me from my huſband's " ſuſpicions!——Where is he, Miſs " Biſhop?——He has not abandon- " ed me to my wretchedneſs? Oh, " tell him," continued ſhe, " that " my heart will bear ſearching—

" but his prejudices have ruined my " peace of mind. . . .

I pacified her by ſaying he was only gone to bed for a few hours, after having ſat up all night.

Her fever, and her anxiety, haſtened on other pangs; and proper aſſiſtance being ſent for, ſhe was brought-to-bed of a daughter about ſeven o'clock that evening. As it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould be kept quite ſtill, even I was not permitted to paſs the night in her chamber. I went to the diſconſolate huſband, expecting to be welcome as the bearer of glad tidings to him, when I told him that his Emma was better, and had preſented him with a girl; for, though his eſtate is intailed, I had

had often heard him declare, that, ſo his wife was well, he ſhould not mind which the child was. I was impatient to utter my felicitations; but the ſight of him prevented me: I found him with a packet of papers lying before him, on which his eyes were fixed, without reading; his arms croſſed, and his whole appearance expreſſive of horror and ſurpriſe. He did not move on my entrance: after a little pauſe, I accoſted him with congratulating him on the news I brought him.

" Joy cannot reach me, Kitty,
" for I am beyond its power! theſe
" fatal papers have explained a ſecret

" to

" to me, which will never let me
" feel it more." . . . . . .

" What ſecret, and whence came
" theſe papers? You terrify me by
" your manner."—" Alas, my dear
" Miſs Biſhop!" cried he, claſping his hands together, and caſting up his eyes to Heaven in frantic grief; " you cannot gueſs at my
" miſery, nor can I ſpeak it—but
" you ſhall hear how I came by
" theſe papers.—On quitting *Mrs.*
" *Walpole*——blaſted be the wretch
" who forced that name upon her!--
" I enquired of the ſervants what
" had happened during my abſence
" from home, and whether any ac-
" cident had occaſioned the dread-
" ful change in her.—I was told
" ſhe

" ſhe had received this parcel by
" expreſs.—Rouſed by this, and re-
" collecting all the incoherences
" ſhe had been talking, I wanted
" a key to the whole: her maid
" ſhowed me where ſhe had laid
" the letters; and opening the deſk
" at my command, ſhe gave them
" to me.—Unſuſpecting of treachery
" or deceit in ſuch a form, I did
" not heſitate to read the curſed
" lines.—Swift deſtruction ſeize on
" all who wrote them, and hurl
" them with me into deſpair!"

Emma's ravings had been moderate to his, on the concluſion of this ſpeech. Torn by conflicting paſſions, I apprehended ſome deſperate end to this ſcene, and was

more

more than once on the brink of running away from his fury.—We went on for many hours in this way; but, as he had not ſlept the night before, nor had lain down for a moment in the day, about one o'clock I propoſed retiring: he agreed to it, and I was glad to find myſelf in my own apartment, for I had been greatly fatigued by the paſt. I had not cauſe long to rejoice, for Walpole was in the adjoining room, and walked up and down with haſty ſtrides the entire night, unleſs when ſtopping to give vent to his ſwolen heart in mangled ſentences, ſuch as, " Ill-fated lover!—Unjuſt, yet " dear Emma!——I will not bear " it!——This, this is too much,

" good

" good Heaven!"——Such were the moans of this poor diſſatisfied man; which could not be *ſoporifics* to me, you will know. . . .

The next day Mrs. Walpole, being very calm, aſked to ſee her huſband: I was in the utmoſt trepidation, leſt he ſhould refuſe to go to her, fearing the moſt ſhocking conſequences might enſue from his unkindneſs at this time: I would not let any body make the requeſt but myſelf, that I might repreſent to him the neceſſity of his complying. He had ſhut himſelf into his ſtudy, and had not been with me the whole morning: I went to the door, and knocking at it, " Who is " there?" quickly ſounded—naming myſelf,

myſelf, he let me in.—" You are " not inhuman, Walpole," ſaid I to him, " or I ſhould not riſque your " diſpleaſure, by deſiring you to do " what would be contrary to your " nature.——Mrs. Walpole wiſhes " to ſee you."

" Impoſſible!—I am not to be " fooled again, Kitty; nor will I be " called the murderer of Sidney a " ſecond time—ſhe has ſeen the laſt " of me—it muſt be ſo, for both " our ſakes—I diſguſt her; and ſhe " wounds my ſoul by her treat- " ment." . . .

" Prithee, my good friend," replied I, " have you caught her fever? " for nothing elſe can account for " the diſorder of your intellects.—

" Did

" Did ever mortal quarrel with a
" perſon in the paroxyſm of a de-
" lirium, for miſtaking them ?——
" Laſt night, I ſuppoſed you might
" have had reaſons for your com-
" plaints; but ſince you have now
" diſcovered them, I am more
" tempted to laugh at, than to
" pity you.—You would, doubtleſs,
" diſpute the point of honor with a
" lunatic, if he chanced to dare
" you to it." . . . . .

" What may be play to you," interrupted he, almoſt in a rage, " is
" death to me—but you have heard
" my refuſal, and perdition catch"...

" Huſh, huſh," cried I eagerly,
" you ſhall not ſwear until I have
" ſaid all I have to ſay to you upon

" th

" this topic"--(I put my finger upon his lips, that he might not break in upon my harangue, which I began thus)—" If it is your pride " which has been hurt by poor " Emma's ravings, you have an enor- " mous portion of it: but I would " not affront your underſtanding ſo " much as to imagine it. Your " ſenſibility then let it be, which " has received the ſhock: but will " you advance that as an excuſe for " not going to her?—No, that can- " not be; for the feeling heart muſt " be ſenſible of ſuch diſtreſs as hers; " and, inſtead of retaining anger, you " would melt into tenderneſs for " her, when you heard of her lan- " guiſhing, nay, perhaps ſtruggling

" in

" in the very agonies of death, and
" wiſhing to behold you once more
" before her eyes are cloſed for ever."

" Spare me, my deareſt Miſs
" Biſhop (ſaid he, ſobbing audibly)
" the horrible repreſentation, and do
" as you liſt with me—I am ready
" to follow you. . . . . But that you
" may not think I am devoid of
" reaſons for my unwillingneſs
" to ſee her, take theſe abhorred
" writings, and know how I have
" been undeceived." . . . .

" I will read them another time,
" (taking them from him) but we
" muſt hurry up now to Mrs. Wal-
" pole, who may be uneaſy at your
" delay."

I did not conduct him to her without

without ſome dread; for the diſpoſition he was in did not promiſe much in her favor, and her ſtate would not bear rough uſage: but the ſight of her reduced to the laſt gaſp, and the poor little infant who was laid on the bed by her, ſoftened him into a forgetfullneſs of all his wrongs. He bedewed both with his tears, but tried not once to ſpeak: this dumb eloquence, more affecting than reproaches would have been, quite overcame the unhappy wife, who made a ſign for him to withdraw in a very few minutes. . . . He obeyed with alacrity. . . . . This viſit has been attended with the return of many frightfull ſymptoms; and the doctors have forbidden any one being

ing admitted to her, until ſhe is out of danger. Theſe orders come very opportunely; for Walpole could not have gone through the hardſhip of concealing his ſentiments, nor could ſhe have ſurvived many ſuch meetings.

How it will end, Heaven only knows; but at preſent every thing threatens the worſt. I am harraſſed by continual alarms about her life, and terrified by apprehenſions about him; for ſorrow, indignation, love, and diſappointment, govern him by turns, and either make him outrageous, or deſponding.—This is but the fifth day ſince ſhe was taken ill, and her diſorder is not yet come to a criſis: but it may be ſome preparation, in caſe you are to loſe her,

to

to hear of her illneſs; therefore I ſhall ſend this off, and with it the chief contents of the letters which have given us all ſo much uneaſineſs. Read, my dear Lady Noel, and lament the misfortune which has involved ſo many amiable perſons in wretchedneſs.

* * * * * * * * *

In the outward cover were a few lines, ſignifying to Mrs. Walpole, that the incloſed having been ſent to Sunbury, they had from thence forwarded it to her by a ſpecial meſſenger.

The letter addreſſed to Mr. Egerton contained two others, and a ſealed paper, which has not been opened yet. The firſt epiſtle came from a Scotch officer in Ruſſia, who

ac-

acquaints Mr. Egerton, "that on "the eve of the 15th of June, Mr. "Sidney, who had been ſome time "in the ſame regiment with him, "gave him the papers he had now "ſent him, and begged that, if he "out-lived the next day, he would "forward them to England; that "the armies came to an engagement "early the next morning, which "was long and bloody, but victory "had declared for the Ruſſians, after "the loſs of ſome of their braveſt "men; that among thoſe fell Sid-"ney, regretted by all, having ſhown "an intrepidity and valor in the ac-"tion, which would conſecrate his "name to fame in the annals of that "country, and might any where

"raiſe

" raiſe him to a level with the
" moſt renowned heroes ; that, after
" the battle, his body had been
" found covered with wounds, and
" had been interred with the higheſt
" honors that could be paid to the
" memory of a ſoldier, who died in
" ſo glorious a manner."

This panegyriſt then goes on with telling Mr. Egerton how exactly he had obſerved his worthy friend's charge, in getting this packet conveyed to him by the ſafeſt and moſt expeditious way which his ſituation would admit of ; condoles with him on the death of ſo deſerving a young man, but in the veteran ſtyle obſerves, that he who has fought well, has done all that his well-wiſhers need

need deſire of him; and that he himſelf is prouder of having been intimate with ſuch a brave fellow, than he ſhould be of calling the firſt man in the world his friend.

I had almoſt wept myſelf blind in going over this; but when I opened the next, and ſaw the name of the now ſlaughtered Sidney at the end of it, I was obliged to lay it down, and ſummon all my reſolution before I could attempt to read it.——This alſo is to Mr. Egerton, and had been written the night preceding the engagement.....

Capt. SIDNEY to R. EGERTON, Eſq.

"TO quiet your fears, I became a "voluntary exile from my country; "and to loſe my poignant reflections,

" I ſought out the din of war on a
" new theatre. But I find that I
" have loſt ſight of you, and of all
" that England holds dear to me,
" without having been able to get
" rid of theſe cutting *reflections*,
" which ſtill purſue me in the midſt
" of camps and warlike ſounds.——
" But no more of whining: my pro-
" phetic ſoul tells me, that ere ſun-
" ſet to-morrow I ſhall be releaſed
" from every pain which fleſh is heir
" to. Suffer me to dwell upon the
" cheering thought, for it's a long
" while ſince the wretched Auguſtus
" has felt joy. O my generous be-
" nefactor (for your *refuſal* has not
" robbed you of that title) can you
" not imagine with what exultation

" I

" I view the face of death, after
" having parted with more than life?
" and will not the loſs of Emma
" give you ſome idea of my feelings?
" You, who prize that treaſure as
" you ought, may gueſs how I ſuf-
" fered in yielding her up to the
" duty ſhe owed you! . . . .

" Here let me ceaſe; for on this
" theme magnanimity itſelf would
" turn coward: *my* heroiſm is ſubdued.
" Stern duty, what art thou that de-
" mandeſt ſuch a ſacrifice! my re-
" bellious will diſowns thy power.
" If the vows of love are binding,
" *your daughter* was *my wife*, and
" from thence my claim to her ex-
" ceeded yours—baſe villain as I was
" for giving her up! Pardon me,

" thou dear injured angel! . . . . .
" But whither am I running? ſhall
" I, by repenting, forfeit the merit
" of the brighteſt action of my life!
" No, my adored Emma, I am not
" ſorry for having, by flight, pre-
" ſerved you from ſullying that
" piety, which makes the brighteſt
" charm in your character. Your
" father was the perſon to be conſi-
" dered firſt: his will was abſolute;
" and I ſhould have violated the
" moſt ſacred right, in having
" prompted you to diſobedience.—
" It is my boaſt, that I did not in any
" way try my influence over you on
" this head: I reſigned *my love* to
" *your duty*; had I refuſed to have
" done ſo, the ſincerity of it might
" have

" have been doubted ; I ſhould have
" preferred myſelf to you. . . . .
" Still I am ſtraying from the
" point on which I meant to write ;
" I am waſting time in vainly reca-
" pitulating facts, whilſt the hour
" draws near which will make all
" the paſt horrors appear as nothing.
" At ſuch a time, mindful only of
" your lovely daughter, I have done
" all I could towards making her
" days leſs irkſome than mine have
" been. The paper which you will
" receive with this, entitles her to
" my ſmall fortune, which, though
" too ſcanty a proviſion for two to
" live on, (according to the calcula-
" tion of prudence) will enable her
" to make ſuch an appearance in the

" world, as a ſingle woman, as will
" ſatisfy her unambitious wiſhes,
" will ſave her from the vile neceſ-
" ſity of being forced into marriage
" to keep her from poverty; a pro-
" cedure which her nature would
" diſdain, but which you, my dear
" Sir, from the precarious ſtate of
" your own health, and from your
" apprehenſions about her future
" ſafety, might have greatly urged
" her to. This little bequeſt, then,
" may defend her from want, and
" calm your fears; leave her with-
" out controul in her actions, and
" preſerve you from abuſing your
" authority, and her from making
" vows which ſhe cannot keep; for I
" know too well each movement of

" that

" that heart which I helped to form,
" to ſuſpect it of inconſtancy: if I
" am not permitted to live with, it
" will nevertheleſs continue to live
" for me only, and my memory will
" be the only object of its tender-
" neſs. You might have made her
" the victim of your prerogative, and
" have joined her hand to one more
" gifted with wealth; but her affec-
" tions are out of your reach, and too
" ſecurely lodged ever to be re-
" moved: then let my legacy, if I
" am doomed to return no more
" from the field, be the ſurety of her
" freedom.

" I beſeech you not to look upon
" me as one predetermined on de-
" ſtruction: death or victory is my

 " aim;

" aim; but I will not ruſh upon the
" enemy's weapon, and finiſh by ſui-
" cide, the meaneſt proof of cowar-
" dice, an exiſtence which, though
" painful hitherto, may from the
" exploits of to-morrow gain ſuch
" happineſs, as will compenſate for
" all I have felt.——Suffer me, my
" deareſt Mr. Egerton, to enjoy
" the hope of yet calling Emma
" mine, when my ſervices ſhall have
" lifted me above *myſelf*. Tranſ-
" porting idea, which endears life to
" me, and will make me, when
" called to battle, march aſſured of
" conqueſt! With ſuch a reward in
" view I number the tardy minutes
" which are yet to paſs before the
" charge ſounds.

" Thus

" Thus am I doubly armed againſt
" the uncertain events of to-mor-
" row's dawn. If I conquer, my
" Emma crowns me—if I fall, ſhe is
" provided for; in either, all propiti-
" ous Heaven! be thou praiſed; but
" ſtop not here in bleſſing the ſweet
" angelic girl; ſhower on her all
" thoſe graces which virtue and in-
" nocence deſerve! nor be thou, my
" worthy friend, forgotten; thou beſt
" guardian of my youth, and kindeſt
" director of my riper years; but may
" you ſhare with my beloved in all
" the favors which the moſt ſmiling
" fate beſtows. So prays, ſo has *al-*
" *ways* wiſhed,

" Your

" AUGUSTUS SIDNEY.

Miſs BISHOP in Continuation.

I HAVE had little elſe to do but write, ſince I have not been allowed to converſe with our dear Mrs. Walpole; which has enabled me to copy over every ſyllable of the poor Sidney's letters. I heard with wonder of his attachment; for, fond as he always appeared of Emma, I could not perceive more than the fraternal affection in his behaviour. But when one is told of any thing, many trifling circumſtances, which had paſſed unobſerved before, recur to one's remembrance. The melancholy, which was viſible for ſome time in Auguſtus, when he was at Sunbury laſt; his ſudden departure, Miſs Egerton's ſubſequent illneſs, and the gloom

which

which remained many months after, all ſerve now to corroborate this affecting ſtory. But this half-diſtracted lover has advanced aſſertions which do not hold good, yet which are the bittereſt lines to Walpole, who works himſelf into a frenzy when he repeats—" preſerve you from abuſing " *your* authority, and *her* from mak- " ing vows ſhe cannot keep; for I " know too well each movement of " that heart which *I* helped to form, " &c. &c."

When I quote his own experience to invalidate this, and appeal to himſelf whether Emma has ever ſhown herſelf inſenſible to his kindneſs, he either anſwers Yes at once, or cries, " If ſhe has not, her ſenſibility has

" been

" been all art, d—mn'd art, to im-
" poſe upon the dotard of a huſ-
" band."—The next inſtant, ſhocked at his own injuſtice, he will ſay, " Art was not made for Emma, ſhe " wants no ſuch maſk: to hide any " of her natural ſentiments, would " be depriving herſelf of a charm." Thus does this ill-ſtarred mortal paſs from one extreme to another, when he gives expreſſion to his thoughts, which does not often happen. . . . . .

I ſhould have told you, that Mrs. Walpole begged, the day the child was born, that it might be called Annabella, after my aunt.—I mentioned this to the father, who told me, he did not care what name they gave

gave it, for a girl was of no ſort of conſequence to him. Piqued at his diſregard to the ſex, I twitted him with the great Sully's anſwer to Henry the Fourth on a ſimilar occaſion. I have no patience with ſuch murmurers, as if *we* were not as beneficial to the univerſe, as the ſtrutting boobies who would be the ſupreme rulers of it in every thing. But let me not involve Walpole in the crime of thoſe, who would not have daughters in their families; his vexation had juſt then made him ungracious, or he would not have ſhown the leaſt diſlike to his girl, whom, ſince that, he has gazed at with parental regard.

In

In my next I hope, my dear friend, I ſhall have ſome better tidings to ſpread, for believe me truly yours

CATH. BISHOP.

From the SAME to the SAME.

LETTER XLIX.

CATCH it, ye winds, and bear it on your roſeate wings to Aix.—Emma lives, and will continue longer with us, though belonging to a better world. I am too extatic, my dear Fanny, to be very ſuccinct in my account: but when I have informed you of ſo happy a turn, you may overlook all my inaccuracies.—

On

On the ſixth day after I wrote laſt to you, her fever ſubſided, and the phyſicians gave hopes of her doing well. She began to be ſenſible of every thing, careſſed her little Bel; aſked to ſpeak with me, that ſhe might enquire about Mr. Walpole, whom I adviſed her not to ſee until ſhe had regained more health, as he would *affect* her ſpirits by his *ſolicitude* about her. Though ſhe did not appear convinced of the truth of this, ſhe acquieſced: preſſing my hand, ſhe called me "Kind flatterer," and charged me with aſſurances of love to her huſband. The day after, ſhe ſaid ſhe was impatient to enter on her vindication, and would ſee him; but I again over-ruled this, and

agreed

agreed that in two days more, if ſhe would compoſe her mind, by not ſuppoſing he was offended with her, he ſhould pay her a viſit: in that ſpace I employed myſelf in framing his mind for the meeting, all my anxiety being leſt he ſhould fly out when ſhe came to recount paſt events. It demanded all my ſkill to compaſs this: partly by ſoothing, and partly by threats of her *relapſing* if he ſhould terrify her, I at laſt brought him to engage that he would not be violent with her. No plenipotentiary ever had a more difficult treaty to negotiate than mine was, between two people who wiſhed to make each other happy, yet did not know how to do it as they were then circumſtanced. The

The appointed hour came, and we were ſummoned to attend her: my heart palpitated: Walpole ſeemed wavering, but I carried him off before he had time to eſcape from me.

He found the trembling Mrs. Walpole ſupported by pillows in her chair, an aſhy paleneſs on her ſkin, her ſweet eyes from her thinneſs grown to twice their ſize, and her charming hands and arms emaciated and ſallow. Never did ſickneſs more tyrannically exert its malevolence; but not all its depredations had deſtroyed the beauty of her countenance, or the gentility of her form. On the ſight of us a languid bluſh overſpread her cheeks, and the pearly drops moiſtened them. The

huſband

huſband, not dreaming that ſhe could have been ſo reduced, retreated ſome paces with ſurpriſe; but recovering himſelf again, went up to her with an affectionate look, and embraced her: neither was able to ſay what they felt for a ſhort interval; but Emma, after having wept abundantly, grew more eaſy, and after ſeveral attempts to begin a ſpeech, which ſhe judged to be neceſſary on the preſent occaſion, at length delivered herſelf in the following terms.

" I owe my life, my deareſt Mr. " Walpole, to your goodneſs, and " the only uſe I can make of it will " be in dedicating each moment of " it to you: no other care has indeed " employed me ſince I married, but

" that

" that of pleaſing you: the ſucceſs I
" have met with made the happineſs
" of my days; but there was an *ob-*
" *ſtacle* which I have long tried to
" get over, and have never been ca-
" pable of removing it until now.
" I have but an imperfect recollec-
" tion of what paſſed during my ill-
" neſs, but I well know that I was
" uncommonly affected whenever
" you appeared: I uttered reproaches
" when I felt the tendereſt ſenſations
" for you; it was the effect of a be-
" wildered imagination: yet I thought
" I perceived an air of chagrin in
" you; and the laſt time you came
" to me, I was ſenſible of a coolneſs
" in your behaviour. This made
" me enquire of Wilſon, whether

" you

" you had read the letters which I
" had received from abroad. She
" told me you had: the ſentiments I
" knew you profeſſed, made me
" conclude myſelf loſt to you; it
" was this apprehenſion which
" brought on the moſt dangerous at-
" tack that the fever made upon
" me. I called inceſſantly upon
" you; I aſked for you, and was al-
" ways aſſured that you had been aſ-
" ſiduous in coming to my room, but
" that the fear of infection had made
" the doctors forbid any one's being
" let in. The concern I fancied you
" felt for me made life deſirable: I
" begged of heaven to ſpare me, and
" it was pleaſed to grant my peti-
" tion;

" tion: I am reſtored to your gene-
" rous tenderneſs, and know no
" other want.—Enfeebled as I am
" by diſeaſe, I cannot now expa-
" tiate on the *cauſe* of my ſuſpicions:
" they are all removed; and I ſhall
" ſoon be re-inſtated in my health,
" when I will diſcloſe every circum-
" ſtance that has befallen me." . . .

" You muſt not talk too long,
" Emma," ſaid I, glad of an ex-
cuſe to interrupt her; " nor will
" we tire you with our company:
" we will come up again ſome other
" time; and now you had better
" take ſome repoſe while we go
" down." She is never wilful, and
here gave way to my importunities;
and we made our exit, to the great
relief

relief of Walpole, who is not uſed to bridle his paſſions, and who, during this, was twenty times on the verge of violence.——" I have " religiouſly obſerved my word to " you," ſaid he, as we came out; " but I will no more paſs it to do " the ſame. I cannot endure that " Mrs. Walpole ſhould imagine ſhe " can blind me by her profeſſions— " how can ſhe love two? Mr. " Sidney was certainly dear to her, " or his death would not have been " ſo bewailed. *His memory*, now, " will be the object; and I ſhall " ſtill be the dupe of her artifice.— " That will not do, Kitty: *le tout* " *ou rien*, is my motto; and ſince I

" cannot

" cannot poſſeſs her heart, I reſign
" all right to her."

" You will not ſeparate yourſelf
" from her? Reflect a little, my
" dear Walpole, on the ridiculous
" figure you are going to make: you
" part with your wife, becauſe
" you are jealous of—a dead man."

" Pſha!" returned he, " thoſe
" who are buffoons, may make any
" act appear ridiculous, by their
" repreſentation of it; but I am
" ſuperior to the ſneers of witlings,
" and ſhall only conſult the *delicacy*
" of my own feelings.—That will
" not let me live with the moſt
" lovely of your ſex, unleſs I am
" equally beloved by her."

"Tut!" cried I, "in retort for your

" Pſha;

Pſha: "Whoever made ſuch an "uproar about that vague word, "*delicacy*, as you do? There are "not a dozen people in the world "who agree in their meaning about "it."

"That may be; but I ſhall "always ſquare my conduct upon "*my* notion of it."

"And he that's too nice," replied I, "cannot be much *wiſer* "than the *witlings* you think your-"ſelf ſo ſuperior to." (I owed this for his coarſeneſs to me juſt before.) "But I waſte my breath in arguing "upon a matter which will not bear "debate. *Prejudices* are a thick "cloud upon the face of reaſon; "but I hope you will have *humanity*

"enough

" enough to break this gently to
" Mrs. Walpole."

Had he not been *highly poliſhed*, his iraſcible temper would have ſhown itſelf in revilings, or invectives, againſt me; but his *deference* to *the fair* made him take all I ſpoke as the *whiſtling* of the *wind*. He kept moving backwards and forwards in the room all the time, rubbing his forehead, or biting his lips, to hinder himſelf from anſwering me: when I held my peace, he *reſponded*.

" If you think I would hurt my
" wife, Miſs Biſhop, you injure
" me exceedingly—I will guard her
" from every evil which can be
" feared: but I will not, I cannot,

" tamely ſubmit to live on indifferent
" terms with her. I have no in-
" tention of coming to an open
" rupture with her: ſhe claims my
" compaſſion more than my reſent-
" ment; and I abſent myſelf, to
" rid her of an odious reſtraint, and
" to wean myſelf from her too.—
" When I am leſs enthuſiaſtic in
" my affection for her, we ſhall be
" more upon a par; and I ſhall not
" feel diſtraction whenever ſhe draws
" a ſigh. She ſhall diſpoſe of my
" fortune, of every poſſeſſion be-
" longing to me—but I will not be
" with her. . .

" Now," ſays I, " you have been
" ſeverer on your *delicacy* than I
" could have been; for you have
" burleſqued

" burleſqued it, by letting me ſee
" that you think Mrs. Walpole
" *may be* ſatisfied with the diſpoſal of
" your fortune, without ſharing
" your love. If you judge of others
" from yourſelf, riches would com-
" penſate for every thing elſe—if
" not, you have forgot the reſolution
" you made, of not *hurting* your
" wife; and cruelty is very incompa-
" tible with *delicacy:* therefore you
" muſt no longer aſſume this diſ-
" guiſe for your vagaries, but
" either conform to general manners,
" or own yourſelf an humoriſt."....

Away he bounced like a parched pea, and would not deign to hold converſe any more with me. When I had loſt my diſputant, I had no-

thing left for it, but to conſider how to prepare poor dear Emma for this new affliction.... In this emergency, my active invention began to play about, and preſently furniſhed me with a well-connected ſtory to tell her. When I went to call upon her, I prefaced my impoſture by ſaying, that I had adviſed Mr. Walpole to ride out that afternoon, as he had been ſo much confined lately. This ſaved her from regretting his abſence. I then hinted, that beſides his concern about *her*, he had been a good deal perplexed about his friend Sutton, who had been likewiſe very ill; and that, as ſhe was growing well, I had been urgent with him to go to London for a few days,

days, to have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing how he was. She immediately ſwallowed the bait, and even went ſo far as to impute ſome of the gloomineſs of his looks to this laſt; pitied Colonel Sutton, but did not ſhow any inclination to her Walpole's going from her. As this did not take entirely, the next morning I went with an addition to my fiction. This man, ſaid I, is much worſe: our letters are juſt brought us, and your huſband is ſo affected at his, that he dares not come to you, for fear of making you low. He has ordered the chaiſe, and is going to ſet out.—"Will he not take leave "of me?" aſked ſhe, in alarm.—"I do not think he ſhould; for every,

" diſagreeable incident retards your " recovery, and taking leave is not " a pleaſant one."

I could not get her to aſſent to the propriety of his not bidding her adieu; therefore I once more eſſayed to work upon him, and having related all the lies I had been forced to invent, I intreated him to go up and reconcile her to his journey. He was *adamant* for a while; nothing was to perſuade him to it; he could not carry on female deceptions; he would not ſtoop to a falſehood to ranſom his deareſt friend from deſtruction. But when he had fatigued himſelf with fine-drawn objections, and I ſtill perſiſted in my intreaties, to get rid of me he was led to her.

I withdrew, and left them together, having ſuffered too much already from their interviews. . . . . He made ſome ſtay with her, and returned, holding his handkerchief to his face, haſtily bid me farewell, and got into the chaiſe.

I ran up to Mrs. Walpole, and found her attendants buſied in applications to keep her from fainting. If a temporary parting cauſed ſo great an effect on her, what will his neglect do? I began to write this in great ſpirits; but they have flagged ſince this has happened, for I augur much miſchief from this obdurate man's abſence. Haſte, my dear Lady Noel, and come to your unfortunate Emma; for ſhe needs

ſuch a friend as you are, to ſhelter her from her miſeries.—I do all in my power to comfort her, but I have not ſuch an aſcendency over her as you have.

It was but yeſterday that Walpole went: ſhe had a wretched night, her nurſe ſays, and has not taken any nouriſhment to-day. I muſt go, and by ſhowing her child to her, make her wiſh to live. I am

Yours very affectionately,

CATHARINE BISHOP.

Mr.

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER L.

MEET me in Portman-Square next Thurſday evening, my dear George: I am going there to forget myſelf, if I can. . . . . *My wife* has given me a daughter, and is recovering, after having been in the jaws of Death. . . . . But O Sutton! wherefore do I talk of her? for ſhe has never known one ſentiment for me, but thoſe of diſguſt, or fear.—Mrs. Bromley marked her *coldneſs* from her firſt coming to us: I too might have ſeen it, had not my

ſenſes been bewitched by her, and left me without any knowledge but of her lovelineſs. The veil which concealed her deformities from me, has been too ſuddenly rent; and though I ſtill doat, I can no longer be cheated. Happineſs and I have ſhaken hands—we ſhall meet no more, for Emma has decreed it.

I could have forgiven reſerve, had it been general; but to *conceal one* ſecret only, was making a diſtinction that hurries me into madneſs.—It was tacitly owning that ſhe felt herſelf culpable, and could not tell me a fault, which ſhe would not amend.—I have been deceived by her in whom my whole truſt was placed; been robbed by her of my ſoul's treaſure.

treaſure. Faithleſs Emma, to make ſuch a return to all my fondneſs!—I will tear myſelf from her, and ſeek in diſſipation to baniſh all thoughts of wife and child, ſince they are too intimately connected to be disjoined!

I will meet you, and declare to you the whole of this dark tranſaction, if my jarring ſentiments will let me be maſter of myſelf enough to do it. It will be no eaſy taſk to ſay how I have loved, how I have been wronged!—how divided by grief, revenge, and pity, is the ſoul of

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Lady

Lady NOEL to Miſs BISHOP.

LETTER LI.

Albemarle-Street.

ATTENTIVE to the calls of friendſhip, your ſecond letter, my dear Miſs Biſhop, put a ſtop to my rambling; and I inſiſted on coming back to England, that I might tender all aſſiſtance to my undone Emma, on whom misfortunes crowd ſo faſt, that comfort cannot find place near her: yet I hoped my voice would have been heard through them, and that my ſympathy would have been acceptable. Sir Charles agreed to come home;

home; Lady Wilmington pouted; her lord grumbled at our parting; but my Noel would not gainſay any project of mine, and paid no regard to their objections. We ſet out, and arrived in a ſhort time in London. When I had planned the viſit to my dear Mrs. Walpole, in a hapleſs hour I complained of a ſlight indiſpoſition, the mere fatigue of travelling; but if the plague had raged, and there had been a probability of my having caught it, Sir Charles could not have been more uneaſy about me. Before I could turn myſelf round, the College in Warwick-Lane, I thought, had aſſembled at my houſe: ſuch grave faces, and ſuch inquiſitive creatures,

put

put me out of all patience: I ſhould not have anſwered a word, had not the Dowager Lady Noel (who came to aſſiſt at the *conſultation*) awed me into good manners. When I had betrayed myſelf to them, I was obliged to depend upon them, and was ordered (for this, it ſeems, is the deſpotic language they ſpeak) not to ſtir for ſome weeks, as I had hurried myſelf already more than I ſhould have done.—I blubbered, and vowed that I would go to Spring-Park, let who would oppoſe it. If I had been only to have managed *the ſon*, I ſhould have been with you by this; but when *the mother* interfered, and deſired me not to make the hopes of the family prove abortive,

tive, I had nothing to do but ſubmit to this intolerable confinement, which I bear ſo ill, that, if Sir Charles had not more temper, he would never ſupport it as he does; ſtaying with me, and making it the employment of his days to render mine leſs tedious. Lady Noel alſo pays me cloſe attendance, but rather watches than amuſes me. . . .

Not thus does Emma behave under diſappointment; ſhe would not have miſinterpreted kindneſs, from ſeeing it through the miſt of diſcontent: and ſhall not I, her friend, acquire ſome of her virtue, and bend to the yoke without murmuring?

How light are my adverſities! ſcarcely can I give that name to any incident

incident of my life: and how has her ſmall ſpan been chequered by variety of woes!

This laſt the weightieſt of them! What heart can remain unbroken under the ſtroke of ſuch barbarity? I picture to myſelf all the pangs which ſhe muſt ſuffer, who loved and honored the huſband that abandons her; and I quake for the life of my amiable and too ſenſible girl under this ſevere trial.

Mr. Egerton carried not his view beyond the advantageous offers that were made for his daughter; but her preſentiment made her often be diſturbed with fears of what has ſince come to paſs. She would have entruſted Mr. Walpole with her unlucky

lucky attachment; ſhe begged to be permitted to do ſo: but her too politic father would not conſent, and charged her, as ſhe valued his peace, not to mention Sidney.

Silenced by this, ſhe has been the martyr to her duty. Miſguided huſband, not to accept the bleſſings which heaven ſent him with ſuch a woman! But he may regret too late his abuſe, and wiſh to make reparation when it will not be in his power.

I ſhall be curious to hear how he conducts himſelf without her, and whether ſatiety has not had more hand in this ſeparation than his mock delicacy.——

Yet

Yet in that caſe he would not have felt ſo much in quitting her: but there are ſuch contrarieties in men's hearts, that he who lifts the dagger to your throat, may turn aſide his head to avoid ſeeing the blood; and he who has condemned his wife to pain, might perhaps have wept over her.——

I ſhall again fall into my unjuſt cenſures, if I do not go to my dear Noel, and in him find that mankind may be perfect. Take a proper opportunity of letting my ſweet friend hear that I am in the ſame kingdom with her, and hope very ſpeedily to ſee her.——

As to you, my dear Kitty, I cannot teſtify the grateful ſenſe I have of

your

your extreme kindneſs to this deſerted ſufferer, whom I love as a ſecond ſelf; but your own ſenſations will reward you better than the higheſt encomiums from

Your ever affectionate

F. NOEL.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LII.

JUST emerging from the ſhades of death, I perceived nothing that could recall me to joy, until my Fanny's arrival ſhowed me there was yet ſome one left to reconcile me to life. Yes, thou deareſt to my ſoul from friendſhip's ties, (which have never yet wrung me with remorſe)

I hail your return to England as my prime, nay, my ſole joy. How narrow is the hoard which is bounded by *one!* Such is mine, niggard as my fate is! Yet, Lady Noel, has it given me a huſband and a child. Oh! the ſoft emotions raiſed by thoſe names! Why are they not as favorable to me as to the reſt of the world? Becauſe my wayward fortune prevails, and daſhes all my draughts with its poiſon. It has divorced me from my huſband, and makes my daughter fatherleſs; turns my pleaſure into torments, and puniſhes my obedience as a crime. I am worn down by calamity: "rare are ſolitary woes, they "love a train; they tread each "others heels"—"and make diſtreſs, "diſtraction."

"diſtraction."—When you left this country, I could have challenged it to have produced one more happy than myſelf: but how treacherous is proſperity! In the full enjoyment of woman's beſt happineſs, the love of her huſband, I had conſigned to oblivion all the tears which former misfortunes had drawn from me, and I looked fearleſs on to the day that ſhould give me the power of refuting my Walpole's prejudices: it was that which armed me againſt all dread of the painful hour, and made me more chearful than moſt in that condition are. I found myſelf far from being well that day on which I was deſtined to ruin: I ſtaid at home by myſelf, having prevailed on the

others

others to go to Lord Surry's: in the afternoon I had lain down, quite overcome with laſſitude: I had not been long thus, when I was diſturbed by their coming in with a large packet, which they told me had juſt arrived by expreſs. Startled at the circumſtance, I was in a tremor when I took it, and breaking the ſeal, found it had been tranſmitted to me from Sunbury. The direction was written in an unknown hand; but the dear name of Robert Egerton made my heart overflow. This envelope contained all that ſhocking tale which Miſs Biſhop has ſent you. I read it all but *the will*, and had only ſtrength left to carry the whole collection of papers and put them into my deſk,

uncertain

uncertain how I ſhould diſentangle myſelf from the perplexity which this affair had thrown me in. A prey to all the warring paſſions of the mind, my weak body ſunk under the conflict; I felt my breath ſhortened, my nerves convulſed, my brain on fire, and my heart contracted. A thick vapor aroſe before my ſight, and in coming back from depoſiting this dire ſtory, I fell down in a fit. The laſt thing I remember, was the dread I felt of Mr. Walpole's diſcovering what had paſſed. Many hours elapſed before my ſpeech returned. Happy had I been, had it been denied me until my ſenſes alſo had been reſtored! It is not in fancy to paint the horrors of my imagination during

that

that time, in which reaſon now and then, by faint glimmerings, made me know my wanderings, without enlightening me ſufficiently to prevent them. In this ſtate I may truly ſay, that the ſenſe of miſery was the only one I retained entire; and that was keen enough to make me feel the whole extent of my wretchedneſs.—

As my huſband had been the laſt object I remembered before this delirium came on, ſo was he the firſt I recollected when it went off. I begged to ſee him: he appeared; but oh, my friend, how different from what I had known him! No raptures, no acknowledgements for the little cherub who was by my ſide when he came in. A ſullen ſorrow ſeemed to

have

have deadened all other ſenſation. It was not *by tears* that a huſband and a father ſhould have ſhown himſelf. This too well informed me of what I had moſt apprehended: the evidence of my ſervant afterwards left me no room to doubt it. A ſecond attack of fever followed, and for ſeveral days my ſoul heſitated between life and death. I was not unmindful of the principal cauſe of my diſorder, and the name of Mr. Walpole was the only one I ſpoke. The friendly Kitty furniſhed my women with a ſtory of his tender ſolicitude about me, in caſe I ſhould aſk to ſee him again: under pretence of my fever's being malignant, they made me ſatisfied with his abſence, whilſt the

concern *they gave him* about me rendered my recovery wiſhful, and huſhed the tumults of apprehenſion. I grew better by degres, and we met again; he ſilent and penſive ſtill; I oppreſſed and conſcious. I began to apologiſe: my voice failed, and it was not poſſible for ſome time to underſtand me. As I gathered courage from his meekneſs, I thanked him for his goodneſs, in ſuch a way as at once expreſſed my gratitude for it, and the warmth of my love. He attended without making any reply to me. The converſation was ended by Miſs Biſhop's taking him away, that I might not exhauſt myſelf by taking too much. This ever kind girl would again have deluded me into

peace,

peace, by her well-concerted ſcheme of telling me that he was obliged to go to London to ſee a ſick friend. Ready as I was to take hold of any ſtraw that would keep me from ſinking under his diſpleaſure, I caught at this fable, and pitied others when I myſelf was the only perſon in diſtreſs. He ſaw me once more at my earneſt intreaty: when he would coldly have turned from me after bidding me adieu, I graſped his arm, and in the poſture of a ſuppliant I beſought him to hear and judge of me as I deſerved; for I now perceived that his going away was not to ſee Colonel Sutton, but to avoid me. (He either did not chuſe, or could not carry on the deceit which had

until then made me bear with his leaving me.) He was touched with my action, and raiſing me up, conjured me not to attempt diſſuading him from a purpoſe, which had coſt him dear in making, but which he was convinced was the only way to make us both eaſy in a courſe of years; that he at that inſtant underwent all the anguiſh which a heart, diſtracted as his was with many ſorrows, could feel. The agitation with which theſe words were pronounced, made them more dreadful. I ſtill held him, when, finiſhing this, he ſeemed to be going; but my feeble hands were not able to contend long, and he burſt from me when I thought him ſecured by my hold. I

heard

heard the chaiſe drive off a few minutes after. . . . , . .

He has never written, or taken the leaſt notice of me ſince: yet, Lady Noel, I live! this ſmall fabric ſuſtains ſhocks which would deſtroy the ſtrongeſt! I ſurvey the wreck of all my hopes, then wonder how I have eſcaped. Forgive me, Heaven, if in wondering I repine too at it: the tomb promiſes me a quiet, which here I ſhall never know!——

Take care of yourſelf, my dear Fanny, and do not venture to ſet out for Spring-Park until you have the conſent of every body. I am at preſent ſo incapable of pleaſure, that a viſit from you even would not rouſe me from my ſtupidity.

Kitty

Kitty, formed to enliven, exerts all her talents to make me more like herſelf; but, indebted to her intention for this, I have not yet improved from her efforts. She dandles Bel; ſings and dances to her throughout the day; but the little wretch ſeems to be as inſenſible to her vivacity as her mother. Age may increaſe her ſpirits; mine will not be aſſiſted by that, alas! for years will not habituate me to ſufferings.

Should you accidentally hear of, or ſee Mr. Walpole in London, acquaint me with what he does, and how he looks. I may perhaps add to my ſighs by this; but my anxiety to learn every thing that relates to him, makes me willingly compound

for

for this. Then do not conceal a ſyllable from me; there is ſome degree of eaſe in knowing the worſt. . . .

Miſs Biſhop will be taken from me ſoon: her brother comes over from his travels next month, and ſhe muſt go up to ſee him: reluctantly ſhe mentioned it, for her good-nature is hurt at leaving me thus lonely. But ſolitude has no terrors for me: I ſhall be propereſt company for myſelf; for no one elſe is ſo forſaken, ſo deſtitute of joy, as

Your affectionate

EMMA WALPOLE.

END OF VOL. II.